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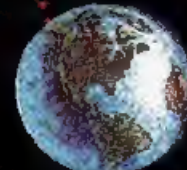
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Opinion.



October 1 marks the tenth anniversary of the founding of the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML). It was the start of a decade of reforms and setbacks in an ever-escalating war between reefer madness and a movement with too many martyrs.

In 1980, despite the growing climate of right-wing repression, NORML can point to some pretty impressive accomplishments. Ten years ago it was still a felony to possess even a single joint. In Texas they could put you away for life for the seeds in the pockets of your blue jeans. Richard Nixon was president and recreational drug use was public enemy number one. His "war on drugs" was really a war on unconventional lifestyles and free expression. Pot smokers were under attack and NORML emerged as an active and effective voice on their behalf. Today pot possession has been reduced to a misdemeanor or less in all but three states and under federal law. Eleven states merely fine people for small amounts, and in Alaska it's legal to possess and grow marijuana for your own use.

The tide was beginning to turn, and it was turning not in response to the experts—such as the presidentially appointed National Commission on Marijuana and Drug Abuse, which backed decriminalization in 1972—but because, through groups like NORML, 20 to 25 million American tokers were saying they were tired of being outlaws.

And outlaws they were. During the '70s roughly three million Americans were busted on pot charges, most for simple possession. Antiwar activist John Sinclair and Black Panther Lee Otis Johnson were both sentenced to years in prison—not for their views, but for being caught with a few joints. In Missouri Jerry Mitchell got 12 years for giving someone a nickel bag and in Virginia Roger Davis is doing 40 years for selling eight ounces of grass.

Not that it's safe to roll up another joint. Nixon's nefarious Drug Enforcement Administration is still around; the paraquat

scare of two years ago showed that the government would rather poison the people than let them get high; home growers live in fear of the federally funded defoliation programs dedicated to weeding them out.

In fact, over the past couple of years, NORML has found itself up against a veritable marijuana McCarthyism, in the form of a fast-growing coalition of "concerned parents," conservative newspapers, crank pseudoscientists and prohibitionist-minded officials, all out to enforce a puritanical moral code and to turn the police into what the late Alan Watts termed an "armed clergy." Pot reformers now have to engage in vigorous and expensive lobbying campaigns and class-action suits just to preserve the advances made in the '70s. In order to bring this country closer to a rational policy on recreational drugs in the '80s, we've got to regain the offensive.

NORML's agenda for the '80s includes:

- Repeal of all state and federal laws restricting possession and cultivation of marijuana for personal use.

- Amending the U.N. Single Convention treaty, a set of restrictions on the drug trade adopted by more than 100 nations, in order to permit total legalization of marijuana.

- The development of marijuana as a cash crop, especially in less developed areas of the world as well as domestically.

- Making marijuana fully available for medical purposes, by changing all federal laws and agency guidelines currently standing in the way.

It's a program that will take human energy, effective political action and a lot of money. And that's a problem. 1980 is not 1970. Marijuana has become so socially acceptable in some quarters that the very people who could best support NORML are unaware that they urgently need to. Americans spend \$30 billion a year on pot, knowing that marijuana is making a lot of people high and a lot of people rich. But it also puts a lot of people in jail.

To cut the risk, why not set aside some bucks for NORML—for example, all the money you backyard sinsemilla gardeners are saving by growing your own stash? Or all the money you *used* to budget for bail and legal fees? Or all the money you *used* to set aside for possible bail and legal fees, when the lid in your dresser drawer or kitchen cabinet was a felony? And if pot gets you high, just imagine the *genuine* euphoria of living in an era when nobody goes to jail anymore because of marijuana! Help NORML get America higher than ever—on freedom—in the '80s. Let's not just get high—let's get the marijuana laws off our backs once and for all.

Gordon Brownell
Gordon Brownell
Director of NORML

JOIN THE CELEBRATION!

NORML¹⁰TH ANNIVERSARY

NORML turned ten this year, and we're asking *you* to join in the celebration. Ten years have seen a majority of Americans now favoring the reduction of criminal penalties for marijuana; 50 million Americans having tried pot, with 20 million regular users. There is strength in our numbers. Enough people are reading this message to get the marijuana laws off our backs once and for all. Won't you join in celebrating how far we've come, and reaffirming our commitment to end the marijuana prohibition this decade.

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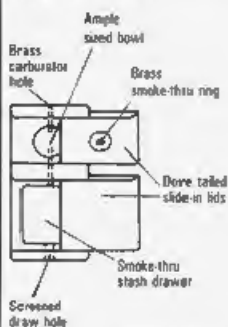
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Letters.

Eat It!

HIGH TIMES is bullshit. I smoked dope steadily for 40 years and all it got me was destroyed lungs. Dope makes you lazy, confused, dull witted, stupid and incapable of discipline. All dope is a temporary pleasure, an escape, a cop-out and an excuse, that's all, and you end up like me: slowly, miserably dying at the end of a premature one-way street. I wasted my life on the goddamned stuff, and if I had it to do over again I wouldn't touch it with a ten-foot pole. For Christ's sake, you should at least have the decency to tell the young fools to eat pot, not smoke it. But then if you did that you'd lose all that advertising money, so you won't. You won't publish this either.

—Mighty Sorry
Kerhonkson, N.Y.

The Eyes Have It

As an ophthalmologist, a physician and an adult, I found your July issue excellent. Robert Randall's article should make the medical profession stop and think—are they really giving the best drug for the disease in question with the least harmful side effects, or are they being coerced by our puritanical morality that labels a (perhaps) pleasant side effect as undesirable? If you could, I'd appreciate reprints of your "Marijuana Rx" centerfold for my colleagues. I'm glad to see HIGH TIMES is finally getting down to business. I hope to see more issues like July's in the future.

—Larry Sheingorn, M.D.
Washington, D.C.

Have a Nice Day

All of a sudden I start to wonder if your magazine and all the rest of society are involved in a giant conspiracy to cover mankind's most widespread evil act, a subject you can't even talk about. People are scarring up the penises of newborn babies. Very few escape.

—Jim R.
Walnut Creek, Calif.

Say What??—Ed.

Am I Stoned Yet?



—Yours Truly
Glendale, Calif.

Hates Pussy

If I was Linda Ronstadt I would take a few karate lessons, buy me some steel-toed boots and go kick Bill Lee's skinny little "bat" and "balls" right up his snotty nose for that verbal-rape, male-chauvinist pigshit remark in your July interview with him. Will you fellows ever grow up and stop using the word *pussy* to refer to women's genitalia?

—Andrew M. Luna
Rock Island, Ill.

What makes you assume all the editors are "fellows"?—Ed.

Skeel

I've been told that marijuana can be detected in a urine test. I would like to know how it stays in your system. Any other information would be quite helpful.

—Breeze, Kansas City, Mo.

The Defense Department has been saying for years they're on the verge of developing a test. We're still waiting. Our own HIGH TIMES taste-testers have yet to stop gagging and make known their findings. Relax Breeze, there is no test.—Ed.

Sex Education

I have a question which I'm certain has been answered in a past issue of HIGH TIMES, but has managed to escape my readership. I'm hoping you will be able to either answer my question directly, send me a reprint of any article that focused on the question, or direct me to a place where I might find the answer for myself. Here's my question: How do you tell the male from the female marijuana plant at early stages of development? I thank you for your kind assistance.

—Edward C. Murphy,
Berkeley, Calif.

Righto, Ed, your question has been answered in past issues of HIGH TIMES; been answered ad nauseum in fact. So now for the absolutely last time (at least until the next time), here goes: Dope doyen Ed Rudd over at Applied Hidropnics found out how the real pros over in Turkey and Mexico key their plants using the YV method. After about 2 1/2 months the female plants will exhibit a symmetrical branch network composed of a series of Ys, while the males



Male (above), female (below).



will conform to an asymmetrical V pattern. If sinsemilla is desired, then is the time to pull your males. This system does not apply to hermaphrodite plants or plants that have undergone stem manipulation. —Ed.

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Capturing the hearts of Americans everywhere with his music, message and *meshuggass*, **Kinky Friedman** remains the hottest and most original talent in country music. Recently "60 Minutes" jumped on the Kinky bandwagon and sent Morley Safer and a film crew down to the Lone Star Cafe in New York City to interview God's favorite Texan and film his show. In fact, Kinky's been spending a good deal of time in front of the camera these days. He's starring in two movies to be released later this year. *Easter Sunday*, with José Ferrer, and *Skating on Thin Ice*, a movie about ice hockey, for which he also wrote the score. Here, writing about himself, his friends and the music they created, he makes his debut as a unique prose stylist.

"Personally, I never met a drug I didn't like," notes **Michael Chance**, author of

Who's

this month's investigation into the death of Elvis Presley. Chance, who for two years was an associate editor at yours truly, honed his journalistic skills plumbing the murky depths of the dope smuggler's underworld, skulking down alleys and snuffing up clues (among other things). Currently engaged in writing the biography of **HIGH TIMES** founder Thomas King Forcade, Michael can be seen weekly on Coca Crystal's New York cable TV show, where he hosts a segment entitled "Sinsemilla Street."

Al Aronowitz is a walking compendium of popular culture. He has



known, written about and interviewed everyone from Jack Kerouac to George Harrison. For years his *New York Post* "Pop Scene" column was the arbiter of hip in New York City. It was only natural that we'd seek out his impressions of Jimi Hendrix, culled from an unpublished article written shortly after the guitarist's death. Now living in an upstate New York house (compliments of Albert Grossman), Aronowitz is associated with Bearsville Records. He's also contracted to write a

screenplay based on the life of Bobby Darin.

Dean of American satire **Paul Krassner** should be no stranger to **HIGH TIMES** readers; in fact, we've heard a handful of you have even found his occasional column, "Zen Bastard," mildly amusing. Creator of the legendary magazine *The Realist*, Krassner has spent the better part of these last 20 years on the other side of propriety and good taste, fighting the good fight. Published in all of

high?



the best magazines, Krassner tried his hand at radio in the mid '70s under the pseudonym Rumplesforskan. His latest book, *Tales of Tongue Fu*, was published this past September. Colorful, urbane and one heck of a dancer, Krassner is a welcome addition to our stable of contributing editors.

Meet associate art director **Jeff Tiedrich**, recently voted **HIGH TIMES**' most eligible bachelor. A dropout from Parsons School of Design in New York



City, this shallow, self-effacing 23-year-old is the fellow who designs our "News" and "Planet" sections each month. Jeff sees himself as a man destined for great things. Dedicated to eventually making large sums of money at an advertising agency, young Tiedrich spends the bulk of his waking hours dreaming of the day he'll be asked to sell out. □

Sacred drugs...
their use in medicine...
in ritual...
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PLANTS OF THE GODS

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and **Albert Hofmann**

With 380 illustrations (110 in full color)

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"Get thee behind me, Susan."

Latest to get zapped by the baby Jesus? None other than Rocky himself. **Sylvester Stallone**. And apparently the rediscovery of his Roman Catholic roots has turned him from an insufferable, boorish loud into a humble, meek fellow. Sly's dramatic turnaround followed hot on the heels of his separation from sexy Susan Anton and the subsequent refusal of his wife, Sasha, to take him back. But Jesus didn't turn his back. "I've opened myself to God," Rocky told friends. Watch out for His left cross.

"Get thee inside me, steroids."

Lou Ferrigno, TV's incredible Hulk, is pumping his massive body full of anabolic steroids, risking hepatitis, cirrhosis of the liver, prostate cancer, early heart attack, kidney damage and impotence, just to look 10 percent bigger for his CBS network show. And it gives us an excuse to run this beefcake and get the typesetter off our backs for all the tits and ass in the last few "High Societys." That done. Next month naked Brigitte Bardot!



Photo Trends

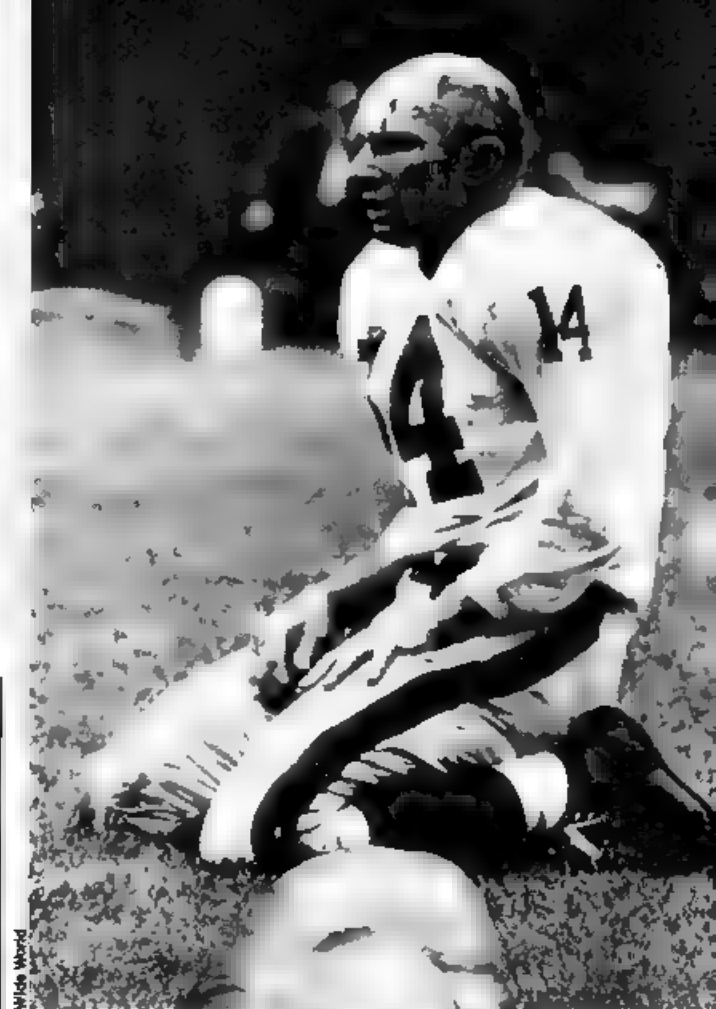
High society.

"Get thee before me, center." Hottest new church sweeping our bored-again nation is the Church of Monday Night Football, started by the **Rex Rick Slade** and his "three wise guy" friends in Santa Barbara, California. Their Six Commandments: 1) Thou shalt keep Monday night holy and tune in early; 2) Honor thy point spread for it is right on; 3) Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's beer; 4) Thou shalt not commit adultery during halftime highlights; 5) Thou shalt stay tuned until the final gun for the spread may change; 6) Forgive those who bet against their home team for they know not what they do. For \$7 you can join the church, get a card, Sacred Schedule, divine decal and the commandment scroll. Kick in another \$7 on the deacon plan and you get a T-shirt. Write PO. Box 2127, Santa Barbara, California 93102. Praise the pigskin!

"Get newspapers beneath me, Beatle John." Housebreaking his pet Holstein proved too much for **John Lennon**, shown here with his lovely and talented wife, Yoko. It was a saddened and exhausted Lennon who finally admitted defeat and put his heavy-dumping, milk-squirting friend up for sale. Lennon's grief was somewhat abated, though, as the beloved fetched a record-breaking \$265,000.



"Get thee into my pockets, double sawbucks." If it's not Billy Graham, Garner Ted or any one of those other Bibie-beating bunko artists, who is it? None other than Armageddon T. Thunderbird. Played by "Taxi" star **Andy Kaufman** in the new Marty Feldman film *In God We Trust*, Thunderbird is a wired and inspired holy man who heads up the Church of Divine Profit for which no soul is too small to save and no check is too large to cash.





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High signs.

November 1980

It's the beginning of November and things are all messed up. Nothing is going on expected. Relax, it's merely a temporary condition. Take a Valium suppository and go to sleep.

When you wake up on or about the morning of November 3 you can begin getting your shit together, carefully separating into little piles the small, medium and big pieces. As regards financial matters, if you're an Aries, Taurus, Leo, Scorpio or Aquarius, negotiating anything from a corporate merger to a two-bit dope deal would prove unwise at this time.

November 7 is a new moon with the sun and moon in Scorpio. The emphasis will be on your emotional security. Disregard all thoughts of killing your father and marrying your mother. Taurus, Leo, Scorpio and Aquarius must be friendly, yet overcome all obstacles.

On November 10 an unexpected series of psychotic breaks have got you feeling discouraged and useless. If you're a Gemini, Virgo, Sagittarius or Pisces, don't take your feelings too seriously (nobody else does). At this time your energy level will be low, so don't worry about advancing yourself. Cut your losses and work on the projects you enjoy most—the making of lanyard keychains, for instance.

For Taurus, Leo, Scorpio and Aquarius, last month was the time to examine the past and correct mistakes. November 11 communications and relationships will begin to thaw. People will begin opening themselves up to you. Invest in a pair of hip boots and some nose plugs. This can be a time of breakthrough even if you must change your original plans. If you're unclear about what you're doing, ask somebody! But don't expect immediate results from the new trends you've just set in motion. Remember, Rome wasn't burned in a day.

Around November 17 everything will seem electric and exciting. The doctors are talking about starting you on solid food. Annoying upsets can arise, disrupting your routine. You'll become rebellious and feel the need for a new way of expressing yourself. If you're a man, now's a good time to

disregard that old raincoat and start seeing girls whose interests encompass more than candy bars and Barbie dolls.

If you are or deal with an Aries, Cancer, Libra or Capricorn around November 18, problems can arise in seemingly happy relationships. Patience and understanding will serve you well now, coupled with the realization that, like scotch, anal intercourse is an acquired taste. Still, your needs are urgent and fascination with a new lover at this time is a distinct possibility.

November 21 Mars moves into Capricorn for a month, allowing you to ignore all distractions and focus all your attention on that which interests you most. Your Kleenex bill will double. You'll be industrious and work hard, though thwarted ambitions (like a thwarted anything) may prove frustrating for Aries, Cancer, Libra and Capricorn during this period.

The sun reaches Sagittarius on November 21, ushering in a month of tight organization and maximum efficiency. Acute obsessive-compulsive behavior will dictate your every move. Constipation may prove to be a problem. For the next month the principle of the thing is what counts for Gemini, Virgo, Sagittarius and Pisces.

On November 22 Venus slips into Scorpio for three weeks, after which time Scorpio is left feeling chafed and sore. For Taurus, Leo, Scorpio and Aquarius this can be a time either of passionate love affairs or a time where you have trouble expressing your true feelings. You'll put your own private meanings on everything. Convinced that you have a brain tumor, you'll be little fun at parties.

Nonetheless, November will end on an optimistic note. A little preparation will go a long way for Aries, Cancer, Libra and Capricorn around November 29. Things will work themselves out if you'll learn to lighten up a little. Remember the saying of the Master: What is life anyway?

A little song
A little dance
A little seltzer
Down your pants. □



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Connoisseur.



Jack Abraham

I remember wondering whether I was more stoned than drunk or more drunk than stoned.

This Bud's for You

by "R."

I complain a lot in this column about the lack of new varieties of connoisseur-quality weed to taste, but every once in a while I luck into something truly unique. A whole new way of consuming marijuana, and I'm not just talking about a new kind of pipe. I'm talking about Hi-Brew, the first commercially available marijuana beer.

That's right. Luscious buds of sinsemilla fermented in the vat with malt and hops and all the other good herbs that brew up into beer. My lucky discovery took place last spring at a local trade show. I was haunting the bazaarlike corridors hoping, as in past years, to come upon the scent of something sweet and good in the way of smoke but having no luck at all, when suddenly I came upon a guy who looked familiar but had a very unfamiliar look on his face.

I'd known him in the past as a sinsemilla cultivator, known him for that special wide-eyed, deep-space stare many overenthusiastic growers develop from heavy crop testing. But today there was a different kind of stoned expression on his face. Spaced, yes; bliss radiated from his countenance, but it was a more dense, liquid bliss. And sure enough, the first thing he said to me was, "Have you ever tried Hi-Brew, the marijuana beer?" I'd heard of it, I said, but never had the privilege. He took a brown bag out of his jacket and removed

from it a gleaming, dark green bottle with a bright yellow label.

The label read: "Hi-Brew Beer. All natural ingredients, sugar, malt, marijuana, citric acid, kelp extract, Irish moss, yeast." Lower down it said, "Directions: Chill contents. Have glass ready. Remove cap and gently pour contents into glass leaving sediment in bottle. Do not drink sediment." There was another warning across the side of the label: "Caution: Alcohol and marijuana may be hazardous to your health. Do not drive, exercise or use heavy machinery under influence of this beer." Still it wasn't all solemnity and warnings on the label. There was the beer's symbol—it looked like an eight ball with the slogan "The Wacko One" written on it.

We decided to get whacko, behind the eight ball, right there.

I wouldn't exactly compare the taste to the refined elegance of a Heineken, say. It's definitely one of your heavier brews. Thick and malty and bitter as Guinness Stout with some of that raw edge of hard cider to it.

But let's forget the taste. Let's talk about the unforgettable high.

The Wacko One high had some of the loony-goony charm that the legendary "wacky weed" had. Not the full weird range of primo wacky, but some of the silliness. The warning was right about heavy machinery, though. After drinking half a bottle I began to feel like all my neural connections had suddenly begun operating like heavy machinery. Thoughts didn't exactly zip along poetic paths—it felt like each

thought had to be hoisted by heavy forklift trucks from one synapse up to another. After a while my thoughts forgot about racing around the brain and just hunkered down happily in their synapses.

It felt good. It was high. It was mighty. It was a mighty heavy high. A wide-bodied jumbo jet, DC-10 kind of high. Not the kind of high you'd want to use to fine tune your aesthetic perceptions, but just the perfect thing to have for getting into the slow rhythms of a baseball game on TV while nodding out on a couch.

Time passed slowly, but I remember the guy telling me that he was throwing a Hi-Brew party that very night where he and a few friends were going to drink up the last three six-packs from this vintage before he went back to his fields and vats in California to brew up another year's bottling. At the party he'd also have available, he told me, some bottles of a Lo Calorie Hi Brew.

I arrived at the party to find several heads hitting the high brew heavily, but I asked for a High-Lite first. The label contained the same warning about heavy machinery, but I did like the lighter, clearer, more cidery flavor and encouraged him to work on refining the Lite further. I thought the Lite high went to the head faster. In any case I soon began to feel pretty Lite headed. It's interesting the way the alcohol in the beer seems to spirit the THC in the marijuana through the blood stream at express speeds, so you feel it faster than eating—almost as quick as smoking.

About halfway through the three six-packs, the Hi-Brew party turned fairly serious as we determined to drink up every last drop of this bottling. Still it's hard to get too serious drinking Hi-Brew. That bubbling head makes you feel like too much of a bubble head, if you know what I mean. I remember wondering whether I was more stoned than drunk or more drunk than stoned. I remember trying to define the subtle difference between drinking marijuana with beer, and drinking marijuana beer. It was elusive. By the time we drank that last bottle down to the sediment we were all getting sentimental over its disappearance. *Maybe sedimental* is the word.

In any case, I think there's a future in marijuana beer. Imagine being able to walk into a tavern or a smokeasy and being able to choose from as many different varieties of marijuana beers—Jamaican, Hawaiian, Oaxacan, et cetera—as you can imported regular beers. Perhaps marijuana liqueurs will be next. Heavy machinery, watch out. □

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Communiques

No. 63
Nov. '80

HIGH TIMES ADVERTISER LINKED TO DEA

DRUG MAG TOUGHENS AD POLICY

The exposure of an Ohio mail-order chemical house as a conduit for information to the federal Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA) has caused HIGH TIMES to refuse advertising from certain regular customers and to toughen its overall ad policy. Revelations that Buckeye Scientific had supplied information to the DEA about its customers came when HIGH TIMES received copies of sworn testimony in connection with a drug case in Albuquerque.

Buckeye, in Columbus, Ohio, had solicited clients through HIGH TIMES classified ads for more than a year. According to Richard Hall, proprietor and president of Buckeye, the company had done \$200,000 worth of business in 1980 alone, largely through HIGH TIMES classifieds.

In its ads and in material mailed to potential customers in response to inquiries, Buckeye billed itself as a means of purchasing chemicals (which could be used to manufacture drugs) without discovery by the DEA. However, pretrial court documents and statements made by Hall in a telephone interview with HIGH TIMES show that Buckeye has in fact fed

information to the very authorities it claims to circumvent.

Before a trial early this year involving two Albuquerque men charged with manufacturing amphetamines, DEA special agent Robert Hastings testified un-

der oath in a deposition that Buckeye had supplied information leading to the arrest. Though Hastings did not explain precisely how the information from Buckeye was acquired, he did testify that it was not through "electronic surveillance"—indirectly sug-

gesting Buckeye was informing on its own shipments.

The shipments in question were of P-2-P, or phenylacetone (an amphetamine precursor), which became a controlled substance on February 11, 1980. Hastings tes-

continued on page 21

11-20-80.

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CUBAN IMMIGRANT CRISIS TRIGGERS RECORD COKE BUST

TASK FORCE DISRUPTS FLORIDA "COMMERCE"

by Bill Belleville

The army of federal agents sent to south Florida to monitor incoming Cuban refugees in early summer inadvertently interrupted normal drug traffic during that period and resulted in the largest U.S. cocaine bust ever.

During the height of the crisis, a special federal agency called FEMA (Federal Emergency Management Agency) was set up to coordinate and direct the work of ten separate U.S. departments. No firm estimate was placed on the additional federal manpower sent to Miami and the Keys to deal with the Cuban crisis, but the Immigration and Naturalization Service (INS) alone—which includes the U.S. Border Patrol—had increased from less than two dozen agents to more than 400.

In addition, literally hundreds of agents assigned to Customs, the FBI, CIA, Coast Guard and the FAA regularly worked the waters, airways and roads on and around the Keys in surveillance of refugees from mid April to late June. On May 20 Border Patrol agents stopped a 1980 Buick that looked suspicious to them in the upper Keys. The driver, a 24-year-old Miami law student named Richard Passapera, was the car's only occupant, but, according to a FEMA spokesman, "It was riding very low as if there were refugees hidden somewhere in the vehicle." Instead of refugees, the feds found 410 pounds of blow, to which they assigned a street value of \$200 million. Passapera was held on \$1-million bond.

"I'm sure there have been other minor seizures as a result of all this," explained a FEMA public information officer, "but this one was by far the largest."

During the height of the Cuban influx, when the task force processed 5,000 Cubans a day, the Coast Guard boarded boats off the Keys, the FAA monitored water traffic and other agents set up road-

blocks from Key West to Miami. In addition to disrupting dope traffic, FEMA agents detained some 700 Cubans who, they said, had criminal backgrounds, including many with records for murder, robbery and rape. (Some others had merely served time for pot smoking.)

Despite the supplemented work force, FEMA claimed

that no one area of the U.S. was short-handed because of transfers since agents were pulled uniformly from all regions of the country. At its peak the umbrella agency directed the efforts of at least a couple thousand servicemen and agents, and by the time the flotillas began tapering off in mid June, FEMA had placed almost 800 vessels un-

der "constructive seizure" because they "showed evidence of crime."

Observers in the area wouldn't predict when smuggling operations would resume total normalcy. Many, in fact, were apprehensive about the amount of "raw information" the bloated surveillance staff might have turned up accidentally or otherwise—that could be useful to drug-traffic monitoring in the future.

DOOMED DOPER TAPES TESTIMONY

Blames Agent Orange for His Cancer

by John Kalish

A dope-smoking ex-paratrooper named Charlie Hartz became the first Vietnam veteran to testify in a massive class-action lawsuit against the chemical companies that manufactured the controversial herbicide Agent Orange. The 34-year-old vet claims his brain cancer and the birth defects of his two children were caused by his exposure to the poison in Vietnam.

Hartz served in an elite paratrooper unit known as Tiger Force and roamed the countryside pursuing enemy forces. The U.S. military sprayed millions of acres of Vietnam with the dreaded herbicide during the '60s to deprive Vietnamese guerrillas of jungle cover.

U.S. District Court judge George Pratt gave Hartz permission to testify on videotape months before the trial because he may not live long enough to testify in person.

Early this year Hartz testified for more than three hours in the Philadelphia federal building's video studio, answering questions from his own attorneys and from the chief counsel for the Dow Chemical Company. Hartz told them that he drank water contaminated with Agent Orange and that its taste was so vile he had to mix Kool-Aid with it to get it down. He also recalled suffering from what the Army calls "fevers of un-

known origin" (FUOs).

Like many other Vietnam vets, Hartz didn't connect his medical problems with Agent Orange at first. After brain surgery he declined prescriptions for Percodan and other addictive painkillers. Instead he started smoking weed to cope with his painful seizures. A fellow patient at the Walter Reed Medical Center gave Hartz his first buzz, and ever since he's been doing some serious toking—and doing it legally.

A Spring City, Pennsylvania, lawyer named Hy Mayerson got Hartz the legal go-ahead. Mayerson then convinced Hartz that the fiendishly toxic dioxin, which was present in Agent Orange in small amounts, caused the

medical problems he and his kids were suffering from.

Hartz's lawyers are asking the court to order the chemical companies that produced Agent Orange (Dow, Monsanto, Hercules, Diamond-Shamrock and Thompson Heyward) to take part of their profits and set up a trust fund to compensate Agent Orange victims. The suit is already considered the largest product-liability case in legal history. So far a total of 2,000 individuals are on record as plaintiffs but there are thousands more in the wings. Damages are expected to run into the billions.

"Everyone knows what the chemical companies did," says attorney Mayerson. "Guys are literally standing in line dying. Charlie Hartz is the first one they had to face. He's the first in the parade."



Agent Orange victim Charlie Hartz relaxing with his favorite medication.

HIGH TIMES ADVERTISER LINKED TO DEA

continued from page 19
tified that the DEA received information from Buckeye on at least four shipments to the defendant or his associates between October '79 and February '80. The first shipments were made before the chemical was illegal to possess; the last was sent via United Parcel Service before the deadline but was not received until after possessing it became a federal crime.

Though Hall at first insisted to HIGH TIMES that he had never cooperated with federal authorities except when he was faced with search warrant, he later admitted to having communicated with the DEA in respect to these and other shipments. Hall's attorney, David Douglas, acknowledged, "Acting on my advice (sic), Buckeye voluntarily reported all shipments of P-2-P to the DEA during the last weeks of its existence as a non-schedule II substance."

The two defendants in the Albuquerque case were ultimately convicted and sentenced to one- and two-year

sentences. At press time, an appeal was to be filed alleging government misconduct in the accumulation of evidence.

Hall himself was called to testify in a "motion hearing" in the Albuquerque case, but questioning of him by federal public defender Ray Twohig was extremely restricted since the court had granted Buckeye's president "informant's privilege." In that hearing, Hall successfully avoided stating directly whether he was or was not a federal informant. However, he later told HIGH TIMES: "I report anything that's very large that they have on their watch list (the DEA's list of drug precursors). Suppose somebody bought a 55-gallon drum of something; I'd have to report that."

Hall admitted occasional collaboration with the DEA, arguing, "Sometimes you have to report something; otherwise you're not going to be able to continue your business." After first claiming that he always told customers in advance if he was

reporting their purchases to the DEA, he conceded that he had violated that principal on three occasions. "All three times," Hall recollected, "they bounced a check on me. If somebody isn't going to pay me then I'm going to notify. It's sort of a built-in collection agency."

"I have to report somebody, in a way, to keep the DEA off my back too much. If I have to report somebody, somebody who isn't going to pay me is a good person to report," Hall philosophized.

In the Albuquerque case, however, according to defense attorney Twohig, Hall was paid twice for the P-2-P he sent the defendants. Payment was made by check in advance, and then the bundle arrived at the Albuquerque UPS bearing a COD sticker. Hall claimed the package was mistakenly sent COD but would not accept return of the shipment (a UPS requirement to cancel COD status) because it would have arrived back in Columbus after the February 11 deadline and Hall would then have

been in possession of a controlled substance. To get the chemical the defendants had to pay for the merchandise again. According to Twohig, Hall kept both payments (a total of \$8,000 to \$9,000).

Hall denied ever having been threatened by the DEA with prosecution for conspiracy to manufacture controlled substances or any other crime if he did not cooperate; but according to Hall's lawyer he has a record of one federal and two state convictions "in the drug abuse area" and would clearly be a candidate for a maximum sentence if convicted again.

HIGH TIMES president and publisher Andy Kowl stood behind the decision to reject further advertising from Buckeye. "We are outraged," said Kowl, "that they would go out of their way to claim that they would not comply with the DEA and then inform on their own customers. We won't tolerate abuses of the pages of HIGH TIMES or our readers in the future. This is worse than informing, it's entrapment."

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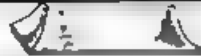
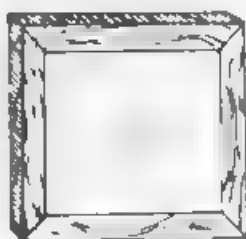
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JAMAICAN CONSULAR MULES POPPED

by David Rubien

NEW YORK CITY—It was less than two months after two Jamaican consular employees were busted for attempting to haul 50 pounds of ganja past Customs officers at Kennedy Airport that the consul general herself was nabbed there with 22 pounds of the stuff, thanks to the vigilant noses of government dogs. All three officials have been relieved of their jobs by the Jamaican government, but, despite a lack of appropriate diplomatic immunity, none of the three were prosecuted in the United States.

The two minor officials involved in the first bust claimed that they had grabbed the wrong suitcases off the unloading belt, and strangely the Drug Enforcement Administration never pursued the matter. The two later got the embassy ax, in the words of the Jamaican ambassador, "for other breaches of discipline." The consul general, Myrtle Johnson-Abrahams, insisted the ganja had been stashed in her bags without her knowledge before she left Jamaica.

Julien LeBourgeois, a State Department desk officer for Jamaican affairs, was confused about the Johnson-Abrahams incident: "I don't know why she wasn't prosecuted," he said. "As a member of a consulate, her immunity only extends to official acts." (Presumably, the Jamaican government is not officially in the smuggling business.)

According to a DEA spokesperson, the normal procedure following a drug seizure at Kennedy is as follows: Customs turns the suspect over to DEA investigators who determine the suspect's identity and the quantity of contraband. The DEA then informs the U.S. attorney who decides whether to prosecute. If, for whatever reason, he is not interested in the case, he drops it in the lap of the local authorities, in this case the Queens County district attorney.

But somebody dropped the ball on this one. It was U.S. Attorney Vic Rocco who decided not to press federal charges: "The fact of the matter is we didn't, and that's the end of it," he told HIGH TIMES. Why? "Because invariably we don't prosecute cases involving that quantity." (Rocco, needless to say, didn't divulge what amount *would* merit federal prosecution.) "All I did was decline prosecution," he insisted. "I don't have to tell anyone else anything."

The Queens D.A.'s office didn't hear a word about the case until an Associated Press reporter brought it to their attention a full month after the seizure. Tom McCarthy, a press flack for the D.A., said Queens authorities would probably not know of the case, even now, if the A.P. reporter had not reported it to them. He would recite only the official position: "A) We weren't informed; b) normally, we would be informed; c) we are asking why we weren't informed."

Although Rocco claims the buck stopped at his desk, there are some indica-

tions that the vagaries of diplomacy were at work in the case. LeBourgeois, of the State Department, apparently thought the matter touchy enough to request that the DEA refer all press inquiries to him.

"They're [the DEA] not known for their acuity in press matters," he confided. "I was afraid that they'd make allegations that couldn't be substantiated legally." Meanwhile, Jim Judge, a New York spokesperson for the DEA, told A P that the State Department was trying to muzzle his agency. Another State Department spokesperson, David Nall, theorized that Jamaica's promise to conduct its own investigation of Johnson-Abrahams might have "led us to the decision not to prosecute."

Jamaican ambassador Alfred Rattray affirmed that there was an investigation under way, but contended that it had, so far, confirmed the consul general's alibi. Johnson-Abrahams, he said, technically had not been fired but had been placed "on leave" for the remainder of her appointment. She was not to be rehired at the end of her term, according to Rattray, because "she has indicated her intention to return home to Jamaica."

Asked by HIGH TIMES whether the two consular pot busts could be seen as a smirch on the embattled Marley government in Jamaica, Rattray responded, "Certainly not. It's a credit to the government that they turned the entire matter over to the police to be handled independently."



John Phillips, who founded the Mamas and Papas back in the mid '60s, was busted recently in New York on charges of conspiracy to possess and distribute controlled substances. Arrested at his summer home on Long Island, Papa John is seen here leaving federal court after his arraignment.

"SEA OF COCA" SIGHTED IN SOUTH COLOMBIA

by Segundo Sombra

POPAYÁN, COLOMBIA—Narcos from the DAS—the Department of Administrative Security, Colombia's equivalent of the FBI—have reported sighting a "sea of coca" in the Llanos Orientales, the vast, mainly uncharted savanna area southeast of the Andes mountains adjoining the Brazilian border. According to the Colombian press, a crack team of over 100 DAS agents worked for months to get a line on the "sea of coca" that they allegedly found growing on farms of around 150 acres apiece, spread out over some 4,500 acres.

The coverage was the most sensationally positive hoopla Colombian narcs have gotten since 1979, when a military squad reported sighting a "sea of marijuana" in La Guajira, the country's northernmost grass-exporting province (HIGH TIMES, October, 1979). No follow-up reports on the mass grass sighting, however, ever described the destruction of all that *marimba*; in fact it was common rumor that the "sea of marijuana"



Colombia narcs awash in a "sea of coca."

was siphoned straight into the south Florida dope pipeline with the military merely stepping in as middlemen.

Just as the 1979 fume sighting was melodramatically termed "the greatest blow ever delivered against the trafficking mafias," so the DAS now claims that "the coup in the Llanos is considered to be the largest one ever received by the trafficking mafias in the history of the fight against narcotics."

There is no real indication, though, that any particular

action is being taken to eradicate this enormous snort plantation. The narcs boast of hitting "dozens of clandestine laboratories," confiscating hundreds of ki's of coke and intermediate paste—but most of these busts clearly took place in the Cauca area around Popayán, the traditional labbing district, here on the north side of the Andes.

DAS narcs now claim that the organized top-level *narcotraficantes* (presumably hoods from the Atlantic Coast) had been using the Vaupés River

watershed in the Llanos Orientales for speedboat transport among several bush air strips capable of handling DC-3s. The feds also cast aspersions on the honesty of the local cops in the regional departments—Miraflores, Caruru and San José—claiming the town cops of Villavicencio had been on the Mafia pad for years. In a show of something like social conscience, the DAS also indignantly accused the *narcotraficantes* of exploiting the Amazonian Indians—particularly the Indian women—as mules to move the harvested coca leaves and paste around.

Still, after a couple days of flash and flurry in the national media, the "sea of coca" sensation dried up as rapidly as last year's "sea of marijuana." At last reckoning, a special committee from the Ministry of Agriculture was being impaneled to discuss how best to dispose of the coca plantations. The final decision on whether to paraquat or sequester it (or maybe sell it) is being left up to Pres. Julio Cesar Turbay.

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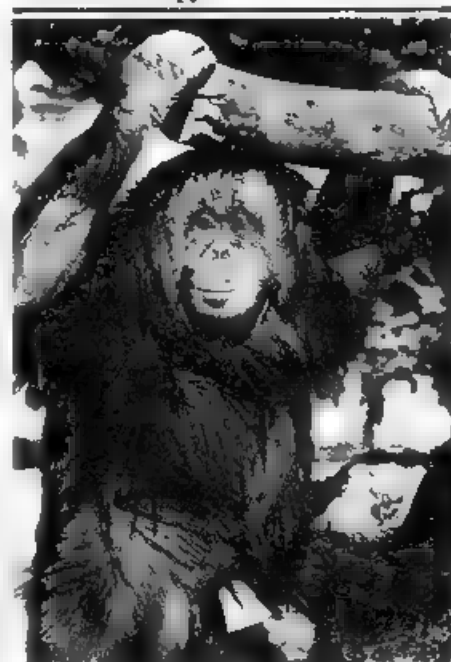
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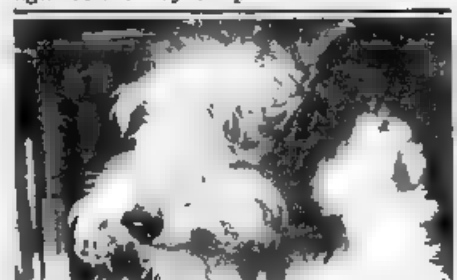
Punk Otter: Tichuk, the first sea otter ever to be born in captivity and survive, has turned into an adolescent vandal. At the age of one, the 55-pound saltwater mammal is tearing up his tank at the Seattle Aquarium. In the past several months he has broken concrete, ripped out underwater cables and lights, removed nuts and bolts from window frames and filled a drain with ten pounds of rocks after pulling off the cover. Veterinary psychologists are hotly debating whether the hyperactive young Tichuk would respond to Ritalin therapy.



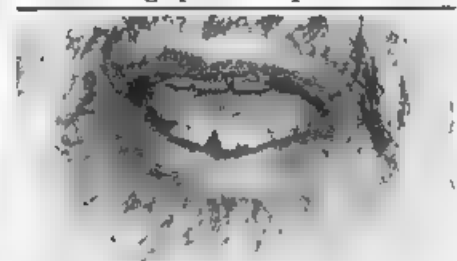
Orangutan Seized: Customs officials in Portland, Oregon, claimed custody of a two-year-old male orangutan after a seaman from an Indonesian cargo ship tried to peddle the contraband ape to Portland's Washington Park Zoo. (Orangutans are an endangered species and cannot be legally imported.) The baby orang wound up at the zoo anyway—under the foster care of the Department of the Interior—to await placement in a zoo that has a female of about the same age.



Bloodthirsty Geese: In what may spell the first murmurs of a fowl revolt, 10 to 15 geese attacked a New Jersey man while he waited to enter a restaurant in Congers, New York. Beating a clumsy retreat, Elmer Patzkowski fell and suffered "severe and permanent damage" to his leg and knee. He's filed a \$1-million suit against the Boy Chop House.



Peripatetic Terrier Forced to Retire: Hobo, a pooch with a penchant for riding the rails, has been caught in the cutback crunch. Since the Milwaukee Road closed down its operation in St. Maries, Idaho, the wire-haired fox terrier has been forced to give up his vagabonding up and down the line from Othello, Washington, to Alberton, Montana. According to 75-year-old Bud Spiesman, Hobo's "master" in St. Maries, the canine rail fan's rides on the freight line sometimes kept him on the road for three weeks at a time, but he always returned home—except once, when he missed his connection and Spiesman had to go pick him up in Potlatch.



Two-Legged Beasts: New Yorkers are tearing at each other's flesh more than ever. Last year, 27 percent more people bit each other in that city than in 1978, making *Homo sapiens* the second most dangerous species, behind dogs. Recorded human bites were up to 973 while dog bites dropped to 15,814. Rats, they say, outnumber people in the Apple 2-1, but are apparently less vicious.

DRIFT POT FLOODS SCOTCH BEACHES

ISLE OF MULL, SCOTLAND—The Highlands of Scotland lived up to their name recently when \$2 million worth of cannabis washed up on the shores of the remote west coast island of Mull.

The dope was in 50-pound packages neatly wrapped in thick taped paper and tightly sewn burlap. The packaging was almost identical to that of a huge load seized by Customs men the week before in a container depot at Coatbridge; it had arrived aboard a cargo ship at Greenock, the port of Glasgow. The haul was estimated by the police to be worth \$12 million at street prices, making this the biggest pot seizure ever in Britain, even allowing for police exaggeration.

How part of the consignment came to wash up on Craignure Beach is still a mystery. One officer from the island's four-strong police department said, "It's unlikely that the stuff was moored ready for collection and broke loose. These people are professionals with a huge investment involved. They just don't allow this kind of mistake. For some reason it was just dumped."

The islanders found a dozen or more packages without realizing what they contained. One man didn't fancy the contents but kept the burlap wrapping to store his next potato crop. An elderly lady thought that the slightly oily vegetable matter would make an excellent compost and spread it around her house plants.

Annie Campbell's chickens, who feed on the shore, found a package that had split open and scattered it all across the beach. "Their eggs have started tasting awful peculiar," said 74-year-old Annie after the hens had fed from the potent weed for nearly a month.

Then the Customs men arrived in raincoats, carrying binoculars as if they were bird-watchers. The islanders were naturally attracted by all the activity on the beach and one of them, Richard Mansey, asked what they were after.

"They wouldn't say, but a sergeant was giggling up the beach with two big packs and looking red in the face," he said. "When I told him I had two more in my shed he nearly expired." The police, Customs men and coastguardsmen found almost a ton of dope still strewn among the rocks and shingles.

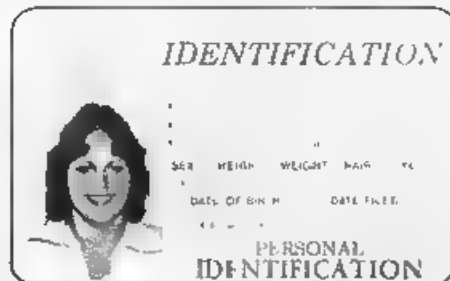
Customs then imposed a security blackout on the island and rumors began to flourish. The press reported police raids and arrests on the nearby island of Iona and the mainland. However, the Customs and excise offices denied the reports and said the security clampdown had only been "to discourage people from going up there and picking about for cannabis on the shores."

One local observer noted that Paul McCartney owns an island adjacent to the Isle of Mull and was himself busted there for growing pot in the early '70s, but the idea that he was just clearing out his storeroom after returning from Japan was discounted.

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OPEN LETTER FROM A GROWER III

by Alex Smart

Harvest time is the culmination of the months of effort and patience. Harvest is the focal point of everyone's activity—the growers, the rip-offs and the police. It's the time when dreams come true and dreams are dashed, a time of almost exquisite tension and suspense, the apex of the grower's cycle, the time of highest vulnerability and greatest reward.

But many growers are of a contrary conviction. They fear loss of livelihood as the immediate result of legalization. Some, like one recent *HIGH TIMES* contributor, take the position that "today's marijuana growing and distributing system is America's final sanctuary of freedom" (September #0). This particular writer goes on to assert (inaccurately, as anyone who's seen U.S. helicopters come out of the sky can attest) that the federal government has kept its nose out of the business and that the dope trade is the last area of commerce operating within the free-market system, immune from regulation and inflation.

This is typical of the composite of contradictions that make up many people's attitudes on the issue. Unfortunately, arguments such as these don't hold up politically or, for that matter, ethically. The irony of this position is, of course, that the lack of regulatory constraints on the marijuana market is a function of the illegality of the product. I shouldn't have to point out that "illegal" means you can go to jail. It is hardly consistent with my notion of a free market that in every state you can be rewarded with time in the pen if you're caught cultivating or doing transactions.

It's true that within the frame of illegality the market is somewhat *laissez-faire*, but the reality of the context cannot be overlooked, for it profoundly affects the commercial exchange of marijuana. In the classic free market, price is determined by supply and demand and competition presumably keeps the price down to production costs plus a "fair profit." The price of pot is not established on this basis—a fundamental violation of free market principles. What other unrefined vegetable matter goes for up-



wards of \$2,000 a pound wholesale? (The retail price of tomatoes, a crop only slightly easier to grow in the open, was \$9¢ a pound last time I looked.) There is nothing inherent in the cost of producing marijuana that justifies these astronomical prices—except that it is illicit and must be grown in relative secrecy and at high risk.

Those growers who fear that along with legalization will come regulation, standardization and dilution of quality—not to mention taxation—have legitimate concerns. But there are no fixed formulas or mechanisms by which any of these things will be accomplished and for that reason growers have a unique opportunity to influence the structuring of legalization.

Laws are made and repealed largely in response to various pressure groups or political campaigns. We growers have a lot at stake in the issue of legalization and so do the economies of the areas where we are concentrated. There has been understandably little organized effort on our behalf. The pressure on us, however, is not likely to abate, and we must get our heads out of the sand, face the

realities of the political context within which we operate and move to influence the course of the future.

There are other economic claims that defenders of the status quo invoke. One is that legalization would not bring a drop in price because tax and bureaucratic (regulatory) costs would eat up any saving to the consumer. Another piece of malarkey: Sinsemilla buds are currently priced at perhaps 100 times their value if you add up production costs—fertilizer, irrigation, processing costs and grower's time—not including the factors of risk and paranoia. There is no product in this country that is taxed at anywhere near that rate.

Another contention is that the marijuana market has been free of the inflation that has plagued the legitimate economy. That might be true of unreported weed over the last few years, but my experience as a grower informs me that it simply doesn't pertain to the domestic market. In 1975 when I grew my first sinsemilla, I sold it for \$800 a pound. The following year the grower's price was \$1,200 and this season it's averaging \$2,000 for indica. Neither the quality of

the product nor the cost of production has gone up much; the increase in price, then, is pure inflation.

But there are also some ethical issues raised by growers insisting that the present situation is better than legalization. In doing so they accept and condone the power of the state to declare a relatively harmless substance illegal and send those who use or traffic in it to prison. To believe that pot should be kept illegal because it enhances profit smacks of the worst kind of self-interest. Let's remember the brothers and sisters who have served time or are serving time for innocently enjoying themselves or making a living from others' enjoyment. Can any grower tell me with a straight face—beyond the fact that he is making a pile himself—that growing and smoking marijuana should be against the law? Anyone who profits from the irrational outlawing of marijuana must realize that we are all opportunists to one degree or another.

But for those who sincerely believe that "this system can flourish indefinitely if it is just left alone" I would like to provide another perspective: First of all, it's not being left alone. The steady escalation of the DEA's war on domestic cultivation should be evidence enough of that. In addition, the entire character of the domestic industry is in continual flux. Five years ago the domestic market accounted for an estimated 5 percent of consumption nationwide. Last year NORML estimated that it went up to 15 percent; in states like California, it may be as much as 40 percent. Along with total production, the number of individual growers is also increasing sharply. And in some areas of the country the amount of money being allocated for eradication is increasing just as rapidly.

There are many possible scenarios for the future, most of them involving increased numbers of growing areas, escalation of police terror tactics and public frustration over the expense of unsuccessful efforts to enforce the law. Ultimately, when repression has proven too costly and the use of marijuana has endured, the option of legalization must be faced.

SMUGGLING TRAFFIC JAM IN DOMINICAN REPUBLIC

by Segundo Sombra

SANTO DOMINGO—When a Beach Craft plane carrying 2,000 pounds of Colombian fume and a ki of pure coke made an emergency landing at Las Americas Airport in this capital city, the media and the government treated it as a major event. Defense Minister Lt. Gen. Mario Imbert McGregor himself helicoptered in to question the pilots—a gringo and a Puerto Rican—who were arrested while desperately searching for a car to take them into the city.

Only three days earlier, another U.S.-registered pot plane had crashed in the coastal waters, killing two of its crew of four. Authorities theorized that both planes were on regular dope runs between Colombia's Guajira peninsula and Puerto Rico or the U.S. mainland, but there was another possibility: Some observers felt that the stories of fuel problems and mechanical failure may have been concocted to cover the fact that the *contrabandistas* had connections on the island. A spokesman for the police and state attorney told the press the air force had been asked to inquire into the legitimacy of the breakdowns.

That same week word arrived that a Dominican pilot, three Americans and one Chinese had been arrested at a Guajira pot farm as they prepared to take off with 4,000 pounds of *marimba*. Their plane had a Dominican registry, though it allegedly had been sold to two Miami men.

Meanwhile, editorials in Dominican newspapers have been warning that the country is becoming a bridge between the Colombian Atlantic Coast and Florida. "Because our territory is more or less halfway between the great supplier (Colombia) and the great consumer (the U.S.)," observed a popular columnist in the daily *La Noticia*, "it doesn't come as a surprise that somebody wants to convert our country into a center for drug operations." He added that "lack of surveillance of our coastal territory and airspace" was an encouragement to layover smugglers.

Though Dominican commentators have insisted that actual consumption of drugs is confined to "rich and decadent centers such as New York or California," they fear that the island is becoming a staging area for import into the U.S. and argue for Draconian measures against drug crimes. They are dismayed that foreign smugglers are usually released after their cargoes have been seized and allegedly destroyed.

The issue has become something of a political football in Santo Domingo with allies of the ruling Guzman regime charging that "officials of the past regime tolerated the trafficking of narcotics." Ruling parties have leveled the same charge at former officeholders in Colombia, Mexico, Bolivia and Honduras.



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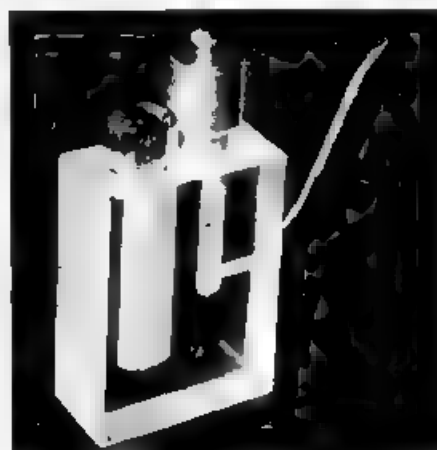
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HAPPY GAS

TRANS-HIGH MARKET QUOTATIONS

AUSTRALIA			
Domestic grass	kangaroo boo	oz	30-40
		lb	350-550
Murrimbiggee	uncultivated	oz	5-25
madness	but cute	lb	40-100
Colombian pot	mostly 'marsh'	oz	75-225
		lb	800-1200
Thai sticks	super but sparse	one	15-20
		100	1000-1200
Pseudo sticks	hold out for the	one	8-13
	real thing	oz	100-120
New Zealand	budding market	oz	75
homegrown		lb	600-750
Domestic	rotten	oz	50-100
homegrown		lb	300-500
Puffy hash	adulterated	oz	210-250
	Lebanese	lb	2800-3000
Napoleone fingers	critic's choice	oz	250-400
		lb	3000-4500
Indian hash oil	at times primo	gm	20-45
		oz	420-620
Pakistan hash	knocks your	oz	350-400
	socks off	lb	3500-4000
Mushrooms	ubiquitous	oz	50-75
LSD	seek and ye	one	4-6
	shall find	100	300-500
Mandrax	still pharmaceutical	one	3-6
	here	100	150-400
Cocaine	almost	gm	140-175
	nonexistent	oz	3000-3200
	of late		

CANADA			
Commercial	surflet	oz	50-75
Colombian		lb	800-800
Gold and red	Montreal &	oz	100-150
Colombian	Vancouver	lb	1000-1200
Hawellian buds	aloia	oz	325-350
		lb	2800-3600
Jamaican pot	comeback bid	oz	90-130
		lb	700-1000
Mexican tape	Yb-b market	oz	80-100
		lb	600-800
California	top dog on the	oz	275-325
sinsemilla	streets	lb	2000-3000
Homegrown pot	some shit,	oz	10-35
	some phinola	lb	60-200
Hash	lots of Lab	oz	140-175
		lb	1800-2500
LSD	your choice	one	4-10
		100	200-450
Mandrax	authentic	ea	3-6
	Old World	100's	275-450
Cocaine	disco toot	gm	125-175
		oz	1850-2500

COLOMBIA			
Santa Marta	bales or cokers	oz	7-15
golde, rede		lb	60-100

Commercial	more than ever	oz	2-5
domestic		lb	30-80
Colombian hash	back to the	oz	8-25
	drawing board	lb	100-225
Hash oil	a loser,	oz	150-200
	surprisingly	lb	1500-2000
Mushrooms	not worth the effort	oz	40-75
Cocaine	lots of lines	oz	175-225
		lb	2500-3000

DENMARK			
Imported weed	lots of 'lombo	oz	75-125
		lb	1250-3750
Homegrown pot	not bad	oz	free to \$10
Moroccan hash	passable	oz	50-100
		lb	1000-2000
Lebanese hash	conventioner's	oz	60-120
	choice	lb	1200-2200
Black Afghan hash	top benene	oz	100-135
Pakistan hash	ditto	oz	100-150
Cocaine	brick market	gm	100-150
		oz	2500
		lb	50.000

ECUADOR			
Commercial	fresh as a	oz	7-10
Colombian	flower	lb	80-100
Red and gold	surprisingly,	oz	15-25
Colombian	not that much	lb	200
Emeralds	a dog	oz	2-4
swamp grass		lb	40-60
Cocaine base	lots	oz	negotiable
Cocaine	pure as the	gm	25-40
	driven snow	ea	5
LSD	Imported		

ENGLAND			
African grass	Congo bongo	oz	90-100
		lb	750-1000
Colombian grass	drought rations	oz	100-175
		lb	850-1200
Kashmir twist	small but good	one	10
sticks		oz	110-130
Thai sticks	great rare	one	15-25
Homegrown	shaping up as	oz	free to 50
	record year	lb	100-350
Jamaican pot	seedy super	oz	100-125
		lb	800-1050
Black Kashmir	high tide	oz	100-150
Moroccan hash	cheaper than ever	oz	80-85
		lb	750-1000
Paid black hash	hold onto your	oz	100-125
	eyeballs	lb	1100-1250
Nepal temple	from 6000 yrs	oz	150-200
bell hash	experience	lb	1750-2000
Hash oil	palpable	gm	20-30
		oz	475-525

SUMMER DROUGHT EMPTIES PIPES

by Bud Bogart

The annual summer drought has hit the U.S. pot market hard this year. High-volume dealers no longer extending margins have made life miserable for middle-echelon dealers who depend on the front for their livelihood. As a result, the Midwestern and Northern states have suffered excruciating shortages. Supplies in the cities have been thin and prices high with top-notch Colombian once again pushing \$625 a pound. Prices will probably continue to climb until late November.

A strong Thai market has taken up some of the slack, and some early home-grown have popped up here and there, mostly there, but all in all this year's drought is turning out not nearly so bad as last year's. Another reason was Mexico's boom harvest.

Return to Fantasy Island: If you're one of the skeptics who believes that the so-called acid renaissance is a leftover figment of the '60s imagination, dig this: D-men around the nation are turning up such a bewildering array of LSD that ~~many~~ saying that the tripe culture is bigger than it's ever been before. This is no news to the market desk, where

our reporters have confirmed some 30 varieties floating around town at this moment. It's easier than ever to get LSD, and some of the nationally distributed brands like Mr. Natural and Red Dragon come from sizeable labs. The renaissance began sometime around 1975 '76 and has been building ever since.

Big Sky Country/Big High Country: Psychedelic farming is growing by leaps and bounds in the Southwest. Mushroom- and cactus-growing operations in New Mexico and Arizona continue strong with lots of the produce going through Denver to points east. In Arizona you can get a pound—that's right, a pound—of fresh peyote for about \$25. Beat that. The laws are tough there, the people too, and growers who insist on looking like hippies have been known to take falls on account of their looks alone. Also, sinsemilla farming has caught on. The Wizard of the Rim collective in the Grand Canyon area is turning out top-of-the-line "Mad Jag" brand pot for \$1,700 a pound. One must recall that before the Florida/Colombia connection, Arizona was the main pot smuggler's pike.

Pyropsychedelics: That's what they call

LSO	back in business lately	one	7-10
Cocaine	scarce but there	100 gm	500-700
Opium	sticky as flypaper	oz	135-180
Mandras	limey ludes	oz	270
		lb	180-300
		one	1800-2100

JAPAN

Colombian pot	scarce feeble	oz	120-300
Philippine pot	expanding market	lb	1200-1600
Homegrown	around, not bad	oz	45-50
Thai sticks	tourist special	lb	500-600
Mekong sticks	handmade but	oz	90-120
		one	900-1200
Philippine hash	price up	oz	40-75
Opium	excellent	oz	400-750
Cocaine	huh?	oz	115-125
Speed	advanced Japanese model	gr	25-40
		oz	300-375
		gr	25-50
		gr	80-150
		gr	75-85

MEXICO

Oaxacan legs	a real stufucker	oz	7-12
Mexican streamers	much polluted	lb	80-120
Acapulco gold	kick-ass fume	oz	5-10
		lb	50-80
Quetzalcoatl	muchos pesos	oz	40-20
	when around	lb	50-100
Cocaine	don't be a chump	oz	7-12
		gm	65-125
Opium	searching for a market	oz	30-50
		oz	400-700
		lb	50-100
		lb	400-600

THAILAND

Petite hash	intoxicating sticks	oz	50-83
Long hash	potency varies	lb	200-250
Philippine hash	promising	oz	150-250
		lb	30
		lb	250-300

USA

Commercial	Southern	oz	10-50
Mexican	standard	lb	100-500
Top-grade	back in the	oz	50-75
Mexican	saddle again	lb	475-650
Mexican	marlans	oz	80-75
streamers		lb	500-600
Jamaican	low seed count	oz	35-45
		lb	375-450

Commercial	petering out	oz	40-50
Colombian	don't hold	lb	450-550
Connaisseur	your breath	oz	60-85
Colombian	look for it in	lb	500-800
Colombian shake	the fall	oz	20
Colombian seeds	from gold shake	lb	200-275
Pseudo Thai	gimme a	oz	25
stick	break	lb	75-125
Thai sticks	rolling in	one	750-1250
	heavily	oz	15-35
Loose Thai	lots of lumber	oz	180-225
		lb	110-160
Various Africans	maintenance	oz	1200-1800
	dose smoke	lb	40-75
Hawaiian	priced out of	oz	425-550
	the market	oz	250-350
Moroccan hash	excellent head	lb	2000-3200
	this season	oz	90-125
Lebanese hash	business as usual	oz	1100-1750
		lb	100-150
Black Afghan hash	costly but boss	oz	1400-1750
Nepalese hash	here today,	lb	150-200
	gone today	lb	1600-2200
Paki hash	surprise stashes	oz	140-180
		lb	1600-2000
Hash oils	good but slow	oz	150
	movers	gm	1350-1800
Polioctyl	frozen, dried	oz	35-75
mushrooms		oz	500-1000
Psyche	grow your own	oz	110-135
		oz	25-40
LSO	many "brand	lb	200-500
	names"	one	1.50-5.00
Cocaine	off	100	150-300
		gm	80-120
Methuquene	mostly bathtub	oz	1800-2500
	7144	one	3-6
MDA	best to analyze	100	300-500
Crystal meth	more buyers	gm	65-100
	than sellers	gm	50-90
Cocaine and	everywhere	oz	900-1450
black beets		100	25-200
PCP	who let this	gm	60-75
Opium	guy in	gm	25-40
	bribe bull market	gm	25-40
	over		

Alaska	booming business	oz	55-80
Commercial	very scarce	lb	500-850
Colombian	a joke	oz	90-125
Connaisseur	surfaces	lb	650-900
Colombian	occasionally	oz	15-35
Domestic weed	slow train comin'	lb	75-175
		oz	50-75
Mexican weed		oz	550-750
Hawaiian		oz	275-375
		lb	3000-3800

Lebanese hash	standard issue	gm	15-20
		oz	130-200
Hash oil	seazy too often	gm	50-75
Cocaine	playing possum	gm	125-175
		oz	2000-3000
Methuquene	fluctuating	one	5-5
White cross	mainland boots	one	50
		100	20-35
Forward			
Puna buds	almost here	oz	175-250
		lb	1800-2500
Kona gold	sold as fast	oz	150-225
	as it appears	lb	1500-2500
Mount Lee	short supply	oz	150-225
		lb	1500-2500
Maui wowie	some say world's	oz	175-275
	best	lb	2000-3000
Leaf sticks	fluffy clean	one	7-15
Mountain seeds	like Ping-Pong	four	25
	balls		
LSO	dots and blot	one	2-4
Mushrooms	for cheap	free	75-125
Cocaine	not a big mover	gm	1800-2500
		oz	2
Amphetamine	speedy relief	one	

WEST GERMANY

Thai weed	4-inch sticks	oz	10-20
		oz	250-350
Asian and	extremely rare	oz	200
Colombian pot		lb	1750-2500
Moroccan hash	green stabs	gm	5-8
		oz	125-150
Lebanese hash	harsh and potent	gm	7-12
		lb	2800-3200
Turkish hash	available of late	gm	10
		lb	3000-4000
Alghani hash	popular best-seller	gm	6
		lb	4000
Marathi hash	knocks off your	5 gm	7
(India)	socks	lb	5000-5500
Nepalese hash	scarce	gm	7
		lb	5500
LSO	makes, uses and	one	7-10
	"Green Monster"	100	125-150
Cocaine	cheap European	gm	60-75
	prices		

HIGH TIMES welcomes anonymous reports, but please be specific about the area, type, quantity and quality of dope referred to. If you are aware of other prices or have other relevant information or suggestions, please send them in. The THMQ is intended solely for comparative purposes and in no way is meant as an inducement to illegal activity or as an endorsement of dope usage or trafficking, or as an endorsement of any particular dope.

trip stuff that burns you out too fast, as in ketamine. Derived from the 'scrip drug Ketalar, the ketamine capsules that are circulating out West and in some Eastern cities can leave your brain smoldering for days afterwards. For those of you who have forgotten what a ketamine high is like, refer back to Gilbert Shelton's classic "The Freak Brothers Go to Mexico." Even they couldn't handle it.

Errata: "Everybody makes mistakes," my grandfather used to say, "that's why they put rubber mats under spittoons." Our Australian correspondent advises us via the horn that our listing in THMQ of Mullumbumby madness should be Murrumbidgee madness. The Murrumbidgee, you see, is the river along whose banks flourishes much of Australia's home-grown weed. According to first-hand reports, the smoke is not bad—especially when you consider how hard it is to find any other kind of pot there.

On the Road: Our reporters are trickling in from their summer sojourns with prices from all over the country. A couple of general observations: Prices on all drugs are remarkably uniform. With a few regional differences such as the lower price of Mexican pot in border states, the prices have remained relatively stable over the past ten years. As one wag noted, "That's because you don't use petroleum to make

dope." So, in response to our many requests and to give you an idea of how green the grass is on the other side of the fence, here are some down-home prices: In Corpus Christi, Texas, you can score a zee of *mershman*—that's dope for commercial Michoacán—for \$25; heads in Sylvan Lake, Michigan, can score *eroc*—that's reconstituted rocks—for \$100 a gram; a little farther away, in Lansing, you can pick up a thunderfuck Thai stick for 15 beans, \$180 to the zee; black star acid goes for \$2.50 in Pittsburgh; Antelope Valley, California, is doing crystal meth at \$75 a gram; in Chicago a gram of top-notch toot goes for \$125; and in Orlando, home of the fabled cow-dung mushrooms, these little beauties go for \$6 for 3 grams, plenty to fix your wagon.

Magic Beans: Is isomerized hash worth a shit? We've gotten split reviews. Some claim it's a terrific buzz and a great buy at around \$75 an ounce; others say it's just a waste of good pot to isomerize it and the whole phenomenon is a canard by those who were dumb enough to buy the expensive machines and are now trying to recoup their losses. In any event, it's selling briskly on the West Coast and its chief purveyors forecast that California hash will soon sweep the nation much as California sunsemilla did five years ago.

Smuggler's Advisory: Pilots, if you look

back and see you're being pursued by a four-engine jet with a giant mushroom on top, don't panic. Well, maybe you should. It's not a hallucination, it's the air force's E3A AWACS—airborne radar surveillance—now carrying Customs' dicks looking for smugglers. When they spot a suspicious bogey, they scramble their own planes and intercept the interloper. One marijuana air force pilot was nailed this way over New Mexico with 800 pounds of weed. European smugglers say life is easier for them now that the Baader-Meinhof gang and the Red Brigade seems to be on the run. For several years an intense roadblock stop-and-search operation by various fuzz looking for the guerrillas had instead turned up a gallery of *contrabandistas*. You've got to hand it to the Limeys. Kashmir twist sticks are so named because they are disguised by being twisted and formed into innocent-looking baskets that, when unwoven, leave twisted sticks of Kashmir pot.

Last Call: Don't get screwed on mushrooms. Fresh mushrooms are \$25 to \$40 an ounce; dried, they're about \$100 to \$125 an ounce. U.S. servicemen and women are complaining they're being overcharged by unsympathetic hippie-like dealers. These valiant, anticommunist freedom fighters should smoke free, so give them a break.

Dr. Hip.

by Eugene Schoenfeld, M.D.

You know the feeling. You know it and you hate it. You feel threatened, afraid, helpless, angry, insecure and betrayed. Once seized by jealousy you can't think of much else. You may even believe that your feelings are totally unreasonable and illogical, but once they start flailing your brain, logic won't help much.

You can learn ways to limit jealousy to an occasional nuisance, but if you've suffered a surprise attack of jealousy you need a way out right now, even if it means only temporary relief. Here's a jealousy first-aid kit for use in emergencies:

1. When you're jealous, admit it.

How many times have you heard someone (maybe yourself) seething with jealous rage, screaming "I'm not jealous, you *!&@—!"? Don't make that mistake. Face it, when you're jealous, you're jealous.

2. Escape is the best escape. Get away from your present scene. Go as far and stay away as long as you reasonably can. A few days at the beach, in the country—anyplace but where you are right now—can do miracles in giving you a better perspective on your situation.

3. Sleep well. Don't toss and turn all night running the same thoughts through your head. You'll only be wiped out the next day and may still be plagued by the same endless ruminations. You'll feel better and think more clearly after a good night's sleep. Take a warm bath, a sauna, get your favorite kind of massage. This may be one of those times when it's useful to have a couple of drinks or a sleeper (but not together, please).

4. Talk about your feelings. Talk about your feelings with someone you can trust, someone sympathetic to you yet objective. But there's no use bleeding all over everyone you run across. Once you've talked out your feelings thoroughly, stop talking about them. You're not likely to learn any more or get further relief by going over and over the same ground.

5. Write about your feelings. Write about your feelings as clearly and honestly as you can. What are they? Rejection,

anger, fear of loss, fear of being alone, desire for revenge, competitiveness? Sometimes this is best done in the form of a letter—one of those letters never mailed and that only you will see. It's surprising how much you can learn and how much relief is possible simply by laying out your thoughts on paper.

6. Meditate on your jealousy. Use your favorite meditation technique once or twice a day for five to ten minutes. When you're relaxed, try to separate yourself from your jealous feelings and look at them objectively. If those thoughts return at other times remember you're planning to meditate upon them tomorrow or later in the day.

7. Keep busy. Don't brood, keep busy. Make sure your days are full of satisfying events and tasks that fully occupy your thoughts: Work out physically by jogging, dancing, playing tennis; find partners for games you enjoy; paint a room; rearrange the furniture; attend films or lectures at the local college, give small dinner parties. Keep moving. Keep busy.

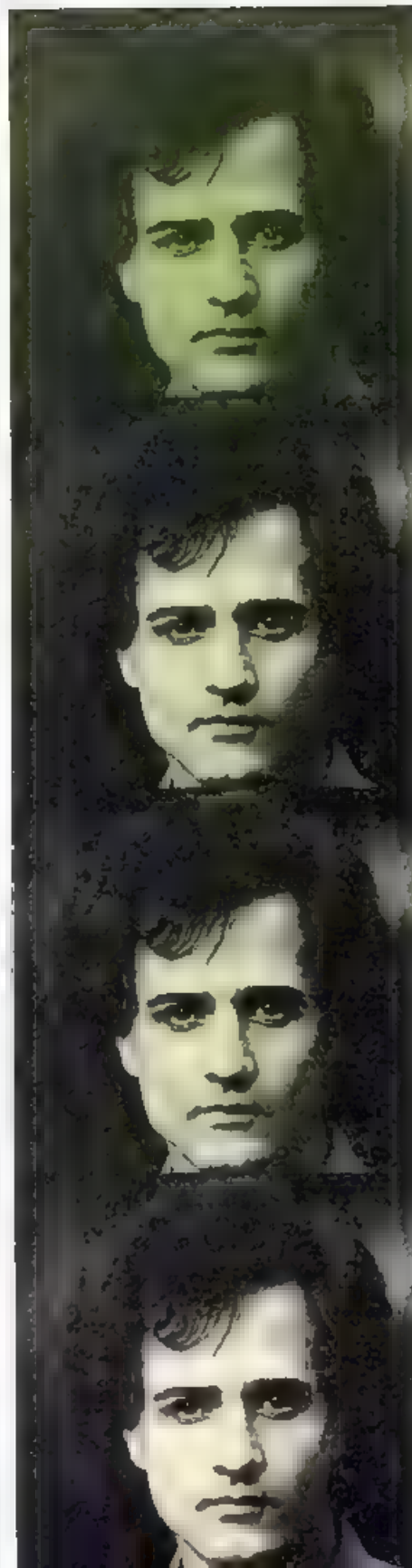
8. Read wise counsel. Now's a good time to read a book, especially one likely to provide some solace and a sense of perspective. Try a new book or go back to one of your favorites. The *I Ching* is a good choice, as are Alan Watts's *The Book: On the Taboo Against Knowing Who You Are* and Lao-tze's *Tao Te Ching*.

9. Laugh. This is a tough one but do try to find a way to laugh. Go to a funny movie, a live comedy show or browse through a book of cartoons. Laughter really is therapeutic.

10. Keep this list with you. Keep an abbreviated version of the jealousy first-aid kit with you at all times and don't forget you have it.

By following some or all of the above suggestions you can clear your head and get your emotions under better control. Now you're ready to make long-range plans for more effectively dealing with the green-eyed monster. □

Dr. Hip welcomes your questions! Write to Dr. Hip, P.O. Box 386, Cooper Station, New York, N.Y. 10003.



Steve Sussman

Zen Bastard.

Blues Brothers: Two on the Floor

by Paul Krassner

I never learned how to drive a car. In fact, I owned a Volkswagen convertible in good condition for two whole years and *still* never learned how to drive. It was like having a nice big toy in my front yard. I would either walk, take a bus or be driven places by friends. Since most of them smoke marijuana before, during and after driving, I recently bought a copy of *Car and Driver* magazine to read about the first road test of doping and driving. I was so intrigued by their film reviewer, Ivan Toby Hallone, that I have decided to share his column with you:

First off, we wish to praise *Fixes* for the most creative use of an automobile in a nondriving context. There is a scene in which young Jodie Foster is sitting in the front seat of the family Buick—we view her through the driver's seat window—while her mother, played by Sally Kellerman, is standing outside the closed door on the shotgun side, bending over to talk with her daughter so that we are treated to a fleeting glimpse through the *other* window of Miss Kellerman's bare right nipple protruding handsomely under her blouse. There is nothing prurient intended by this shot. It is quite a natural camera angle. Indeed, the possibility exists that the sight of this innocent nipple, so skillfully framed because of the Buick Regal's six-passenger roominess, was unintended by the actress and unplanned by the director, perhaps not even discovered until it reached the editing room. Congratulations, nonetheless.

And now on to the meat of this month's column. We saw *The Blues Brothers* at a particularly appropriate screening in a drive-in movie theater. For this film features exquisite chase scenes and magnificent car crashes that are marred only by the musical interruptions of Ray Charles, Aretha Franklin, John Lee Hooker, James Brown and other artists of the black persuasion. These production numbers are interspersed throughout in a manner that can only be described as Instant Camp. Surely, audiences in 1980 are watching *The Blues Brothers* with the same willing suspension of disbelief that we currently watch old Busby Berkeley spectacles. But this movie will certainly also serve as a living monument to the shock absorber.

The real hero of *The Blues Brothers* is a 1974 Dodge Monaco 440, maneuvered

through the streets of Chicago with great aplomb by Dan Aykroyd, who is wanted by police for armed robbery, jumping parole and "the worst driving record in the state of Illinois." Unfortunately, the inherently sloppy driving habits of John Belushi are never exploited. At any rate, the protagonist was previously a police car. You have probably noticed that the Dodge is increasingly being used as a servant of law enforcement, due to its superb trailing-throttle oversteer, which has traditionally been associated with the Mercedes.

We at *Car and Driver* also take this opportunity to salute the red Pinto station wagon that sacrificed its life so that Jake and Elwood Blues might continue in their desperate search for a plot. It was dropped 1,200 feet from a helicopter, burrowing itself into a downtown parking lot, with not the slightest danger of fire caused by rear-end collision. (According to the FAA, the aerodynamic capabilities of the Pinto were first determined by a couple of test drops outside city limits. A gasoline truck accidentally backed up into one of the helicopters and the mission had to be temporarily aborted.)

A fleet of 60 stunt cars was maintained for the filming of *The Blues Brothers*. A large portion of these were destroyed and rebuilt by company craftsmen a few times in the process. Moreover, an abandoned shopping center in Harvey, Illinois, was itself rebuilt—and completely restocked

with merchandise—so that it could then be destroyed in this \$27-million-dollar epic. Thus is not to say that the budget was extravagant. Ten thousand different individuals had jobs as a result of this picture, including our own Byron Carter, billed as Insert Car Driver.

Twenty-three hundred refugees from the unemployment line were hired as extras for four days at \$39.75 per day to play the audience in the Hollywood Palladium where Cab Calloway performs "Minnie the Moocher." Frankly, we were more impressed with "The Horst Wessel Song," which was filmed on location at an actual Nazi rally. All of the music from *The Blues Brothers* is available on a soundtrack album perfect for your favorite car's new stereo tape deck, the one with the extra speaker that's an integral part of your safety belt. You can really *feel* those sliding guitar riffs right there in your guts.

It was not until we saw *Urban Cowboy* that we realized in retrospect the true significance of *The Blues Brothers*. John Travolta symbolizes the end of an era of *real* cowboys, now replaced by those petrochemical workers who drive their sleek Mustangs to Gilley's, the world's largest nightclub in Pasadena, Texas, and ride a mechanical bull instead of a real one, flattening their balls like a short stack of buckwheat pancakes. Aykroyd and Belushi represent the Adventure of Driving in a world filled with naysayers who contend that the American automobile is becoming extinct.

No, Virginia, there will not be a nightclub in 1990 where you can pay two bucks for a fake ride in some stationary Chrysler, with background music like "L.A. Freeway" and "Life in the Fast Lane." Not if *Car and Driver* has anything to say about it!





A ROTTEN INTERVIEW WITH

JOHNNY LYDON

SLASHING THROUGH THE PUBLIC IMAGE

Johnny Lydon almost single-handedly defined the "punk" in punk rock. Not the textbook version coined by Marsh and Bangs in *Creem* over a decade ago to describe a certain late-'60s recording sound that has once again become fashionable, but the nightmare visions of brain-damaged apocalypse kids bent on demolishing everything and everyone in their path. He was the vile and repulsive Johnny Rotten, lead vocalist of England's most cursed and celebrated Sex Pistols. Rotten was too good a name for the astounding character he created in this guise, as he built one of the

most sensational images in rock history. His antistardom, right down to the green teeth he cherished as a symbol of his foulness, became his calling card as he cursed out every rock band, TV commentator, record-company employee and virtually every reporter he ever met.

The Sex Pistols disintegrated in one awesome, vulgar swoop after their brief, aborted 1978 U.S. tour when bassist Sid Vicious died of an overdose. Rotten reverted to his given name, John Lydon, and formed Public Image Ltd. His character hasn't changed much in exchanges with the press,

as witnessed by his recent battle with Tom Snyder on the "Tomorrow" show. It took Ann Bardach, whose coverage of the Vicious murder case gave her an international reputation, to get Lydon talking. The results are pretty interesting. . .

High Times: Can you describe the transition you went through, from being the ultimate media-contrived hype product, to being an artist, performer—a musician who calls the shots himself.

Lydon: I'm not an artist or musician. And I definitely don't perform.

High Times: We go from the ultrahype of the Sex Pistols to—

Lydon: Well, I got nauseous. I had enough of that. Just a farce.

High Times: Are you unhappy with Virgin Records?

Lydon: Yes. I'm totally unhappy with all record companies. They're bullshit. They're liars—third-rate frauds. They've no fucking sense of anything, no perception. They don't want to take risks. Which is why their crummy industry is falling to pieces. I mean, they're frequently moaning about album sales dropping. Why shouldn't they be. They're just selling the same old dirge forever and a day. In the last 15 years music has changed practically not at all. How many retreads of Chuck Berry are still going on? All those long-haired, platform-booted, flared-jeaned, fucking imbeciles. That still goes on. And that's fucking old as the hills. God! Grandad Rock!

High Times: I was going to ask you about that—how you felt about all the renaissance of music from the '50s and '60s.

Lydon: It's vile! I don't need history. I can go to a museum for that, thank you very much. And they did it so much better the first time around anyway. They made their mistakes. And there's people desperately trying to do the same thing.

High Times: How do you like the revivals of two-tone groups, girl groups, and all the

'50s music? Do you see it as inspired reinterpretation, or just regurgitation?

Lydon: Just farcical imitation. Well, I mean, we all know there's going to be a psychedelic revival, [laughs] right? It's so obvious, it just has to happen.

High Times: Are you looking forward to that?

Lydon: No! It is going to be the worst. Woodstock, part two. Woodshack.

High Times: But you don't see reggae, which you like, as being part of the '50s revivalist music movement.

Lydon: I don't mind reggae, I don't mind a bit of jazz, I don't mind classical, I don't mind cocktail music or cabaret. I don't mind rock in its place. I don't mind anything. It's fun. Just so long as they don't pretend it's the be-all, end-all of the universe. Which is the way it seems to be.

High Times: The Clash?

Lydon: The clap.

High Times: The clap is the Clash?

Lydon: Same thing: They're both a disease.

High Times: You told a story once in a piece in the *New Musical Express*, where Joe Strummer comes over to your flat in London and shows you a book in which Bernie Rhodes [the Clash's first manager] had underlined passages for him.

Lydon: Yeah, Bernie used to give them Marxist theories and stuff like that. Books on it. And he'd underline certain lines and sentences. Then they'd write about it.

High Times: Did you get to see any of the titles of these books?

Lydon: Oh, I don't really know about that dreariness. He [Strummer] was a wank for even considering it. "Here Joe write a song about this, I've underlined it for you." Such trash. What can you do?

High Times: Why do you think Strummer was interested in Bernie Rhodes's Marxist theories?

Lydon: I don't think he was. I don't think he knew what he was getting involved in. If you look at the Clash and its various succession of managers, you'd notice that they've adopted the styles given to them by those managers. They are very easily influenced people. They don't seem to have direction of their own. I don't like that.

High Times: You don't see any value in their songs?

Lydon: No. None at all. Completely ineffectual. Waste of time. Politics was always a definite thing to avoid.

High Times: Are most of your friends musicians?

Lydon: No. None of them. No one in the band is a musician. We all hate that term.

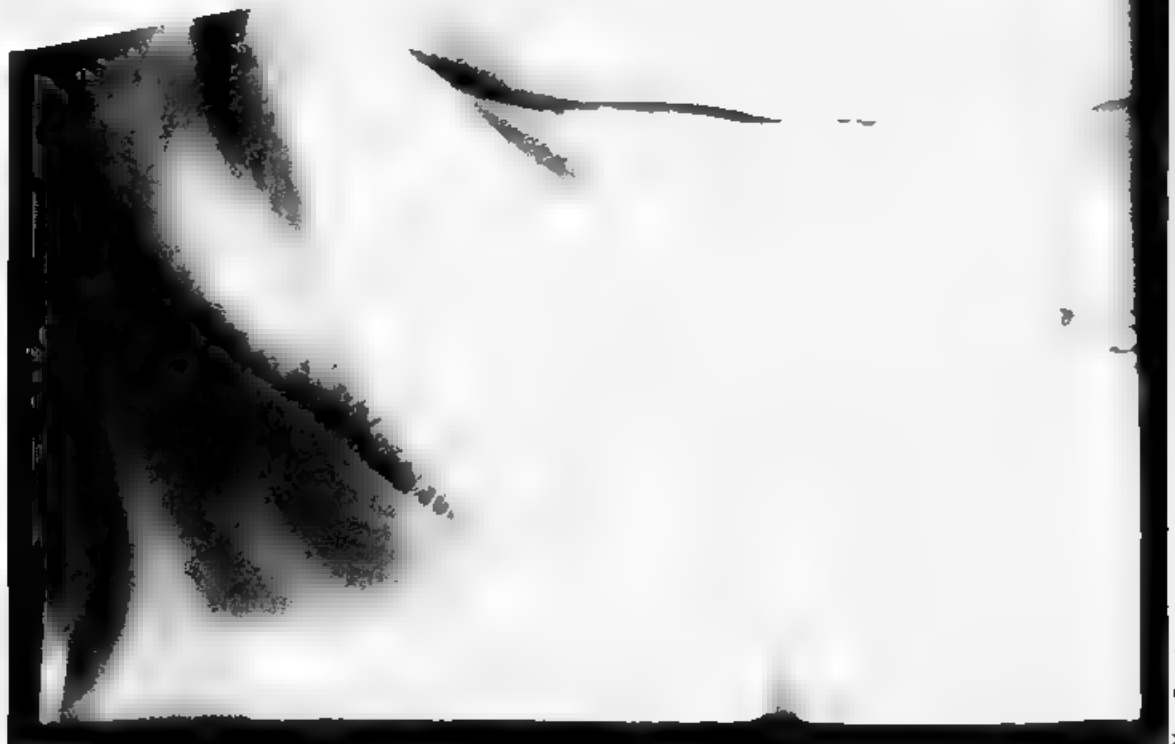
High Times: Excuse me. What are you?

Lydon: I'm not sure. Something close to factory workers. Machinists. Skilled operators.

High Times: Do you work for a living?

Lydon: Uh huh. Who doesn't? Mind you, I'd love not to work for a living. *continued*

BY ANN BARDACH



High Times: You wouldn't want to be or live like Mick Jagger?

Lydon: Oh, god, no! It's not doing him much good, is it?

High Times: Yet you're very pragmatic.

Lydon: What's that?

High Times: Sensible.

Lydon: Yes. I'm definitely not an intellectual. I keep getting asked, am I an intellectual or am I a poet. And all that dreariness. All those labels just reek of boredom.

Bookworming. Ooooh! Ugh!

High Times: In other words, you think of an intellectual as being a poser, like Joe Strummer leafing through Bernie Rhodes' crib notes on dialectic materialism.

Lydon: Dia- what?

High Times: Marxist theory.

Lydon: All right, you backed me into a corner. I give up. [Laughs.]

High Times: What college did you go to?

Lydon: Kingsway, CFE. The College of Formal Education.

High Times: And shortly thereafter, you ran into Bernie Rhodes?

Lydon: Wobble!

High Times: Oh you met [Jah] Wobble [Public Image's bassist] at college, that's right. And then one day you're in the Sex Store and Bernie Rhodes comes in and sees you mulling to records.

Lydon: No. I was insulting Malcolm McLaren when Bernie was there.

High Times: McLaren turns around and says, "You too can be a star!"

Lydon: Malcolm never spoke to me.

High Times: What did Bernie say?

Lydon: "You're unpleasant enough to be in a band."

High Times: What did you say?

Lydon: I just did it. To me it was just a huge joke. I really didn't give a shit, and it struck me as being mighty humorous that someone could want *me* as a singer.

High Times: Never occurred to you to be in a rock band?

Lydon: Never. You see, I've always hated rock music and that was my



Marcus Reanick

"I had no faith in the Pistols that amounted to anything other than a damp fart. I saw the humor in it for a while, and then it crawled up inside my ass."

chance to really wreck it.

High Times: You hated rock music. Then what kind of music did you listen to?

Lydon: Anything but. Anything but that long-haired dreariness.

High Times: Name a few. I'm trying to remember what was before long-haired dreariness. Short-haired dreariness?

Lydon: Brylcreem dreariness!

High Times: So you stopped listening after Buddy Holly?

Lydon: I never listened to even that. I hated it. Besides, I was too young for that.

High Times: You never listened to the Beatles, the Rolling Stones or the Who?

Lydon: Oh, no. I couldn't bear them.

High Times: When you were 14 years old, you never listened to them?

Lydon: I did not like them. No. It's so detached. They were in a dream world.

Just didn't want to know about them.

High Times: You said in an interview that you would like to change the music industry and "this time [you] would do it right," as opposed to the Sex Pistols. You said "it would take years." When you said "change the music industry," how?

Lydon: Well, it was a bit of a rash statement, I admit. That I could change the entire industry in one fell swoop. But I'm making a bash at it. I could *only* fail.

High Times: How would you do it? You still need Warner Brothers here, which is one of the largest multinationals.

Lydon: They are seen here merely to distribute our records, nothing else.

High Times: They're lackeys then, for the Public Image?

Lydon: Yes. And they don't like us treating them like this. But that's just too bad.

High Times: Did you ever hear that Warner Brothers is the mob?

Lydon: Uh huh. I've been told that. They must be curious then, how we got the gall to say "shove it."

High Times: Public Image taking on the biggest mob in the music world?

Lydon: Horrible fun. And all we can do is lose, right? That is if the worst comes. Oh, we won't lose. I've no intention of losing. I never back a dead horse. I look a bit like a horse as well, don't I? [Sings.] "I'm getting near the winning post, get out the way."

High Times: So, you were always listening to American black music?

Lydon: Yeah. Tamber what from the early skin days. We were skin heads when all the hippies in the universities were going to see the Who. It meant nothing to us.

High Times: When Malcolm McLaren said, "You too can be a rock and roll star," you said "why not?"

continued on page 40



Marcus Reanick



SNEAK PREVIEW OF THE *HIGH TIMES* FILM:



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In 1978 film director Lech Kowalski and *HIGH TIMES* founder Tom Forcade followed the Sex Pistols' American tour across the Bible Belt. Armed with an American Express card and four camera crews (including one disguised as a TV-network news crew), Kowalski filmed the Sex Pistols' rabid, gut-wrenching gigs that fomented audience riots every time lead singer Johnny Rotten foamed at the mouth. Then, in order to uncover the roots of this insidious British punk invasion, Kowalski flew to London where he filmed British punk bands—Generation X, Sham 69, X-Ray Spex, the Rich Kids and Terry and the Idiots—and British aristocrats denouncing punk rock as barbarian and degenerate. Kowalski later filmed the last interview with Sex Pistols' bass guitarist Sid ("I am a dog") Vicious and his girl friend Nancy Spungen before their deaths. The finished film, *D.O.A.*, a harrowing piece of rock 'n' roll history with a soundtrack featuring the Clash and Iggy Pop, is a *HIGH TIMES* movie that was released by International Harmony.

—Harry Wasserman



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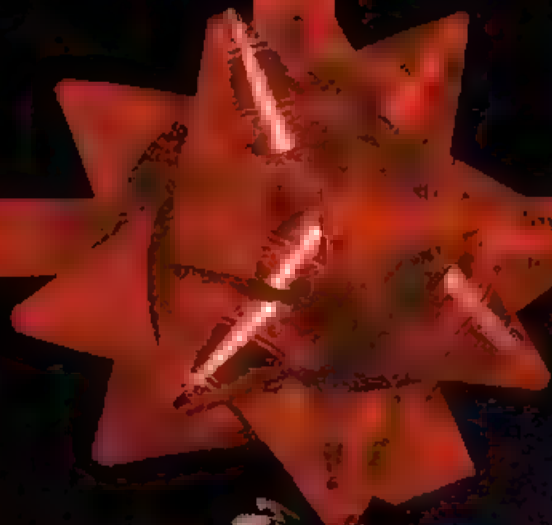
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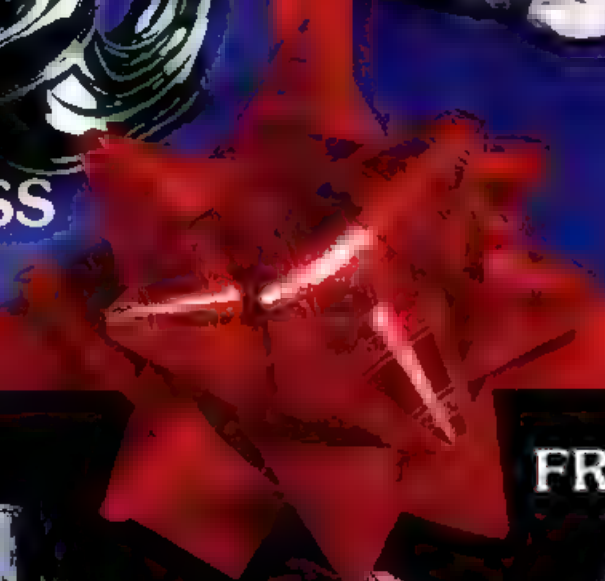




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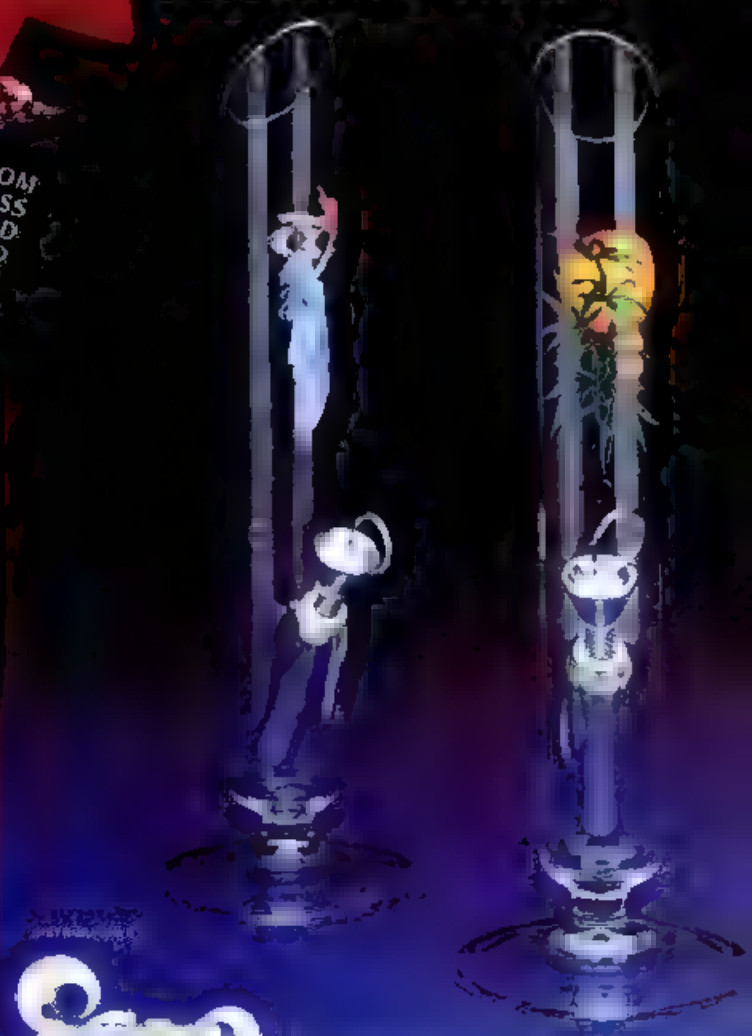


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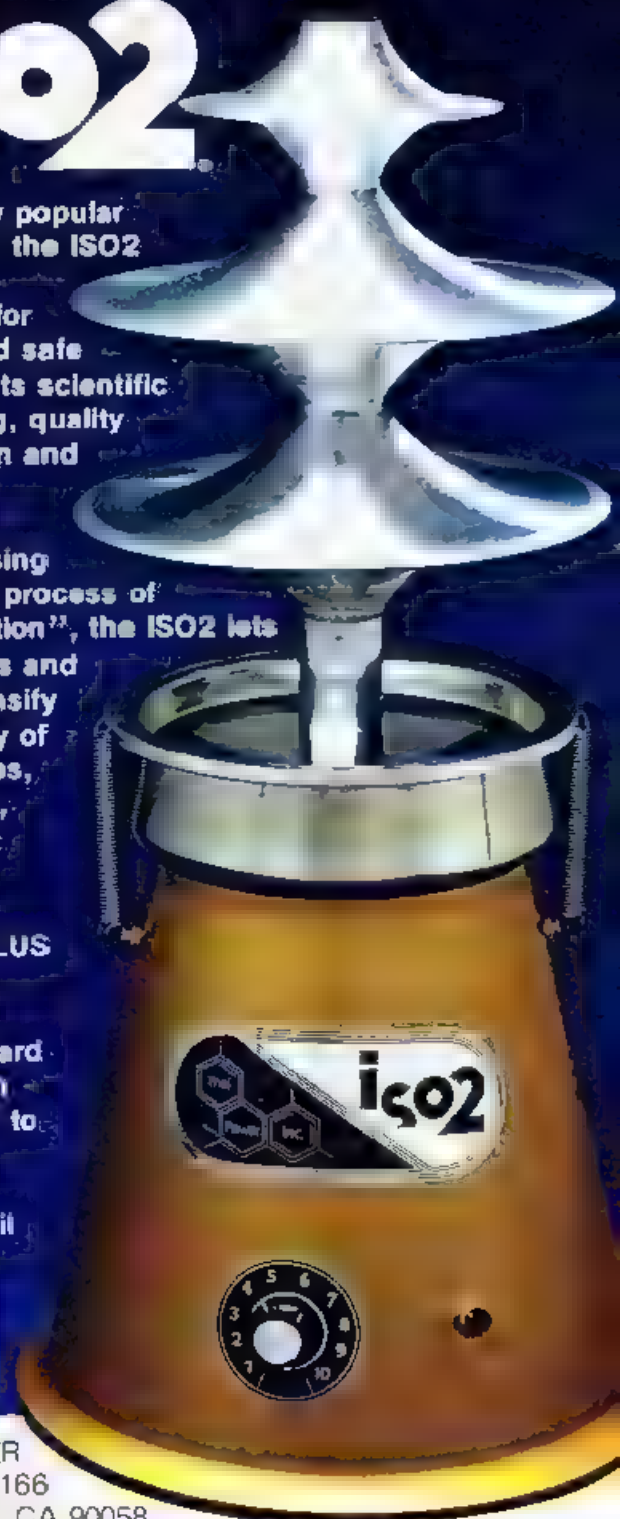
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Interview: Johnny Lydon

continued from page 34

Lydon: It was never put like that. I had no faith in the Pistols that amounted to anything other than a damp fart. The prospect looked pretty grim. Oh, it was something to do, and then it got so huge. I saw the humor in it for a while, and then it crawled up inside my ass. I felt embarrassed about being alive. We just fell apart when we got to America. Too much of everything.

High Times: Do you think Malcolm McLaren was ever honest, at any point?

Lydon: No, and he had very little to do with the Pistols as well. That was what was the farce of it. He was always a remote, distant figure.

High Times: But he made a lot of money.

Lydon: Uh huh. He wasn't too remote about that. He sent me the tax bills too. That was real good of him. And when the Pistols broke up, they left me stranded in fucking L.A. Sorry—San Francisco. No ticket, no plane ticket and 20 dollars and no hotel. So there I was in a hotel lobby with a suitcase [laughs] like a fool. Destitute, as usual. Fucking poncing money off journalists.

High Times: You came back to New York though?

Lydon: Yeah, I had to.

High Times: Have you talked to Malcolm McLaren since then?

Lydon: [Snickers.] Words wouldn't be passed between us, I'll tell you that. Quick-firing metal projectiles would be aimed at his direction. He doesn't deserve to live. I feel very righteous about that one.

High Times: After the Pistols broke up, and Sid had this murder rap—

Lydon: Uh huh. It was so dismal.

High Times: Malcolm was in town [New York]—

Lydon: Yeah, see how Malcolm helped him. He got one hell of a failure of a lawyer [F Lee Bailey]. I never got through. Well, Sid wanted to talk to me. But his old dear never put me through.

High Times: His who?

Lydon: His mother. She's a bitch.

High Times: Wasn't she arrested?

Lydon: In jail?

High Times: I heard she got busted for smuggling dope back.

Lydon: Yeah, she did. I don't know what's happened about it.

High Times: I heard she got busted again a few months ago.

Lydon: Probably, that's highly likely with her. Right irresponsible human being. I remember she bought him a pack of needles once for his birthday. With substance in white packets. Never liked to be quoted on that one.

High Times: What birthday was that?

Lydon: This was years ago.

High Times: When you were still in the band or when you were in school?

Lydon: Before then. You see, he'd

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cleaned himself up.

High Times: My understanding is that Malcolm was trying to manage a murder.

Lydon: That's how I understood it. Yeah, that's how it appeared to me.

High Times: Malcolm was very cooperative with all the American reporters, who knew nothing.

Lydon: Our Malcolm loves dealing with people who don't know nothing. That way he can shine.

High Times: Where do you think Sid went wrong? At what point did he go from being the kid you knew in school, a fairly nice bloke, to a total disaster?

Lydon: He believed in his own publicity. He fell for it, hook, line and sinker. He was called Vicious because he was such a wanker. Really, he couldn't fight his way out of a crisp bag. He'd lose all the time.

High Times: Then why did you ask him to join the band and fire Glen Matlock?

Lydon: Because Matlock was into the Beatles. [Laughs] He had nice melodies. Sid was into no melody whatsoever, which struck me as a damn good right conclusion. I mean, so what if he couldn't play when he joined—Wobble couldn't play when we [PiL] started. He learned as he went along. That's what we all do.

High Times: Yeah, that's what you did. You began the Sex Pistols as a joke and you learned to sing. Then you started to love it.

Lydon: I perfected the joke and it backfired, I must admit. Slightly like scrambled egg on face. Sunny side up.

High Times: You say Sid went wrong when he started believing his own publicity, as opposed to doing a lot of junk.

Lydon: Maybe that was the reason. He just lacked humor. Took it all too serious. I don't think it deserves a lot of sentences.

High Times: Even posthumously?

Lydon: Well, heaven! Pretty wanky way to go.

High Times: By a drug overdose?

Lydon: Yeah. So dreary and typical, isn't it?

High Times: Was he using junk before he joined the Pistols?

Lydon: No. Speed then.

High Times: Which you approve of?

Lydon: I don't approve of nothing.

High Times: I mean favor.

Lydon: No, I wouldn't advise anyone to take any kind of chemical.

High Times: Who do you think brought him into the realm of junk, Nancy Spungen?

Lydon: Yes. There was that horrible movement from New York to London, and they brought their dirty culture with them.

High Times: And that was the beginning of the end for Sid?

Lydon: He was impressed by the decadence of it all. God! So dreary. Too many Lou Reed albums I blame it on.

High Times: Do you think there are drugs that are useful?

Lydon: No. They just put off what you've

continued

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got to face sooner or later: blandness.

High Times: Do you know that book written by Julie Burchill and Tony Parsons, *The Boy Looked at Johnny*, that has your photo on its cover?

Lydon: Uh huh.

High Times: Burchill and Parsons advocate speed. About it being a useful drug. There's an entire chapter on the benefits of amphetamines.

Lydon: Well, that's just stupidity.

High Times: They credit some of your genius to your intake of amphetamine.

Lydon: [Laughs.] That's a typical journalistic approach. I mean, that's all they are, toss-bag journalists, desperately trying to get in on something.

High Times: They came up with a very interesting unknown scientific "fact" that amphetamine raises the IQ.

Lydon: I doubt if that's true.

High Times: Did they ever discuss this with you?

Lydon: Tony Parsons I've met briefly, for about two minutes. He was shaking like a leaf. Snorting lines. He just looked like a pathetic character to me. He didn't strike me as having a high IQ.

High Times: So you don't see any utilitarian value in using drugs?

Lydon: Each to his own. It's just as simple as that. I would never advise anyone to do anything.

High Times: You say you can't see anything remotely political like the Clash.

Lydon: No. What I really mean is naive political. I mean, they're spouting these theories and not knowing what the fuck they're talking about. And *that* I find offensive.

High Times: Because they don't have the academic muscle to personally read it and figure it out themselves.

Lydon: They don't even read all of it. It's just what they're shown. They're very narrow-minded. Go into it totally or not at all. I can't bear people not knowing things totally. Just spouting out ignorant, half-assed statements that don't mean fuck-all. I mean, you've got to understand what you're talking about.

High Times: But say in your case you sang "Anarchy in the U.K."

Lydon: That's not political.

High Times: Yes it is.

Lydon: How? Anarchy is a mind game for the middle class. It doesn't mean anything.

High Times: It was very threatening to the Labor government at the time.

Lydon: I never thought so.

High Times: Threatening enough to get you bruised.

Lydon: No. That was "God Save the Queen." That's what got me bruised.

High Times: For all intents and purposes, it *was* political in that it frightened the authorities to action. It brought the whole police department down on you.

Lydon: So what. They're still coming down on me. I just got raided recently.

High Times: Where?

continued on page 100

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I had to talk Miles Davis into going to Jimi's funeral with me. What the hell, I told him, it was only a few days before he had to be out on the coast anyway and besides, the exposure would be good for him. There'd be a lot of press there. "I don't like funerals," he rasped. "I didn't even go to my mother's funeral." In the end he made the plane with his hairdresser, Vinnie, and Jacki, a girl he had picked up out of the crowd at LaGuardia Airport one day. "She had just come off a plane getting into the city," he explained, introducing her, "and I was catching a plane to fly out on a gig. I saw her on the other side of the lobby and I called her over and told her to get on the plane with me, and she did."

... They buried Jimi Hendrix in the bright afternoon in a hilltop cemetery amid the sobs of people who hadn't really known him for years. It was a cloudless day. Several hundred kids watched from behind ropes. Seattle had never understood Jimi, and now it had to open its earth for him.

Miles and Jimi hadn't known each other too long, but in the short time they did they had gotten pretty tight. Jimi was one of those kids who had grown up worshiping Miles as Miles kept getting younger. For as long as Jimi could remember, Miles had been a legend to him, and it was only when he felt secure enough as a legend himself that he came to sit at Miles's feet and ask Miles to record an album with him. Miles said shit, he'd be happy to do the album but he wanted \$50,000 for it. For that much of his soul, he wanted that much money. Like when Sidney Poitier tried to hype Miles into doing the soundtrack for some movie, he told Miles not to worry about the money because the movie would make Miles famous. "Man," Miles answered, "I'm already famous!" Miles was a big influence on Jimi. Miles is a teacher, but he learned something from Jimi, too,

learned about rhythms and something about phrasing and something about the rock 'n' roll lifestyle. It was Jimi who became the final inspiration to move Miles to renounce the classical forms of jazz—many of those forms created by Miles himself—and to start playing concerts in the rock halls. Miles knew how to stay as young as any kid. But what he wanted to find out was how come a kid like Jimi could make \$50,000 in one night when Miles still couldn't make \$10.

... It had been nine years since Jimi left the vast green valleys that had sent him off in search of a home he could not find and now his flesh was back amid the airplane factories, the strip mine quarries, the salmon canneries, the steel mills and the breweries that had tried to trap him...

Steve Paul was on the plane, Steve, the underground entrepreneur who used to run the Scene at 46th Street and Eighth Avenue, New York's most outrageous cellar rock club. Steve, host to the stars, had become a friend and confidant of Jimi's through the long, hangout nights at the club, where Jimi used to go to get so drunk and drugged he couldn't stand up anymore, and still he'd get onstage and jam 'til dawn. Steve was on the plane with guitar star Johnny Winter, the Albino Whisperer, a tender, quiet, bashful sweetheart until he starts picking those Texas roadhouse blues. Steve and Johnny were married, in the music business sense. Steve was Johnny's manager, guiding him to the big time: Mr. Yokel and Mr. Brash. And then there was John Hammond, Jr., who had hired Jimi to play in his band in the Village way back when. It was while Jimi was playing with Johnny Hammond in the Cafe au Go Go that Chas Chandler and Michael Jeffrey first laid eyes on the amazing spectacle of Jimi wasting a guitar. Chas was a big star then, one of the

Animals. Mike was the Animals' manager. It was from Johnny Hammond's band that they lured Jimi away to England to become the world's next superact.

Jimi had become one of the greatest stars ever to make music, one of the sweetest poets ever to make the language dance. But back in Seattle all they could bury was the memory of a little black kid who used to play on his father's two-stringed ukulele.

On the plane it was like a party. It was a party. We were all Jimi's invited guests, flying first class according to his wishes as expressed by Mike Jeffrey, Jimi's manager, in collaboration with Mike Goldstein, Jimi's press agent. We seat-hopped all the way to Seattle, with the two Johnnys getting off on getting to know about each other and me tap dancing between Steve and Miles, the Black Prince, who was holding court at the table past the airliner's galley. I guess the real reason I talked Miles into coming was for his company. When we got to Seattle, Steve, the two Johnnys and I went to the Hilton Inn at the airport, where Jimi was paying for our rooms. Miles grabbed a limo to the Washington Plaza, the brand new glass, steel and granite showpiece in the center of town, where he checked Vinnie, Jacki and himself into a luxury suite. He said he'd pay for his own rooms.

... At the Dunlap Baptist Church on broad Rainier Avenue in south Seattle, Mrs. Freddie Mae Gautier, a woman Jimi knew well enough to call Mom, presided at the services and read from Jimi's liner notes on the Buddy Miles album, Expressway to Your Skull: "The express had made the bend, he is coming on down the tracks, shaking steady, shaking funk, shaking feeling, shaking life... the conductor says as they climb aboard, small we are going to the electric church, the express took them away

The Day They Buried Jimi Hendrix

Faded Flowers

by Al Aronowitz

and they lived and heard happily and funkily ever after and—uh—excuse me but I think I hear my train coming.”

At the motel, our party from the New York plane was amalgamated into a bigger party. There had been other planes from L.A. and London and even Barry Fay, Jimi's promoter in Denver, had jetted in for the mourning. All of Jimi's sidemen were there, all the roadies and managers who had ridden his express, all the little people along the way, like myself, who had given Jimi whatever breaks they could—the flagmen of his career. Even Nancy, Mike Jeffrey's ex-old lady, who loved to draw. Jimi hadn't passed her by either. In the end, he wrote her letters. His first album after he died had her drawing of him on the cover.

... In the pews were rock stars Johnny Winter, John Hammond, Jr., and Mitch Mitchell and Noel Redding, both of whom had played with Jimi in the Jimi Hendrix Experience. Drummer Buddy Miles, who also had played with Jimi, collapsed at the coffin when it was opened for the invited guests to pay their last respects. Inside the coffin, Jimi looked waxen and unreal.

Jimi wouldn't have loved the party so much as the idea of it, hosting a bacchanalia on his own grave. I mean there was plenty of feasting, drinking, smoking, rapping, snorting and picking, with most of the musicians sitting in with the local rock group in the nightclub downstairs. But none of the girls took off any clothes in public and even the craziest of the English contingent kept their manners zipped up. Steve Paul and I had a good time daydreaming about Miles and Johnny Winter touring together. Otherwise, we were less than the pirates we would have been if Jimi were there—Jimi, the eternal swashbuckling buccaneer, with his plumed hats and ferocious presence, and I sometimes could even imagine a sword hanging from his wide leather belt. Not that the party was lame—but what was missing was Jimi. The biggest excitement came out of a rumor spread by press agent Goldstein to the effect that Paul McCartney was going to show up, due any second. The rumor turned out to be so effectively planted that the next day one of the wire-service reporters sent a story out to the world saying that Beatle Paul did indeed attend the funeral.

... Outside the church there was a crowd of 200, including reporters, photographers and TV crews. A half dozen police cars were parked across the street. A dozen police motorcycles

were waiting around the corner. Twenty-four limousines lined the curb ...

In Jimi's absence, Mike Jeffrey played host. This consisted mainly of sitting in a booth in the coffee shop so people who recognized his power could come over and pay their respects. Of course, aside from his power there was very little to recognize in Mike. He certainly didn't stand out in a crowd and unless he was trying to hustle you, you'd have trouble detecting any personal dynamism from his direction. People who talk about him say genuinity did not come easy to Mike except for profit. But I found Mike easy. His problem was that he suffered from an occupational hazard among music business managers known as eclipse. When you're managing a star, the bigger he grows, the bigger the shadow he casts over you. The Mike I

knew constantly seemed surprised by his success, except in the safety of his own small circle of hand-picked friends. Mike learned early that when you're a star, nothing you say is wrong. Mike, on the other hand, would rather say nothing than say something wrong. If this made him a cold fish, it also made him a better shark. Being invisible helped Mike become a hit manager. But what he wanted most was to be recognized. At the Hilton coffee shop, everybody took a turn coming over to his booth. The party was for Jimi but it was Mike's party. Still suffering from eclipse, he presided over the festivities without ever getting in the way of them. Even beaming, he dimmed his light with the cloak he was most comfortable in: anonymity. To turn Jimi's funeral into a circus was to Mike's advantage because he had a legend to maintain for profit. Jimi still

**He still had an album or two in the can
and maybe a movie. Jimi was dead
but he was still product.**



Miles Davis at Jimi's funeral.

Wide World

had an album or two in the car and maybe a movie. Jimi was dead but he was still product. I never doubted Mike knew what he was doing. For him the party at the Hilton may have been his finest moment. A year or so later he went down in an airliner that fell into the sea off the coast of Spain.

Alongside the coffin were a dozen floral sprays, including one six-foot white and lavender guitar made up with velvet strings. The family had chosen Dunlap Baptist Church because Jimi's nine-year-old stepsister, Janie, was a parishioner there. Janie, in fact, was the only member of Jimi's family who went to church.

In the morning I took a cab into the center of the city to meet Miles in his suite at the Washington Plaza. Miles always travels first class. He had sent Vinnie on ahead to the Hendrix house in south Seattle to fix up the family's hairdos for the funeral. Miles

will give you his last buck, too, if he cares for you. We sat and had breakfast and then Miles dawdled as he dressed. He was almost ready by the time the chauffeur got back from taking Vinnie to the Hendrix house. On the ride there we talked about how Seattle runs at a pace 20 years behind New York; it felt like we were back in the '50s, maybe even the '40s. It was a comfortable town, but you could see where it could get boring. At Jimi's father's house, a small, gray, one-family home in a mixed residential district, I couldn't keep track of all the members of the family I was introduced to. Jimi's father looked just like Jimi. And Devon was there, dressed in black with a black veil over her face. "Are you playing the merry widow already?" Miles asked her.

James Marshall Hendrix was born in Seattle on November 27, 1942, to

James Allen and Lucille Jetter Hendrix. Mrs. Gautier read from the church podium: "His mother preceded him in death. . . . Jimi, as he later became known to all his fans, felt that his hometown did not afford him the outlet to express himself with his musical ability. . . ."

Devon was the closest thing Jimi had to an old lady. He left her a widow's pension in his will. She was one of the most beautiful and sensuous of the groupies and one of the most successful, too. I first met her in the '60s, I forget with whom, but whenever a rock star came to New York, the chances were you'd find Devon in his hotel room. They used to recommend her to one another. Her sex was overwhelming. Somebody once told me she was a teacher and I used to wonder of what. In all the times Devon and I talked to each other, we really never got to know what we were all about. We would just gossip. It got to be amazing how her relationship with Jimi survived. She could never totally belong to anybody, just as Jimi couldn't, but somehow they came to depend on each other. I saw her a few times after Jimi died. She was hard not to love. I was writing a column for the *New York Post* in those days and she kept asking me, "When are you going to write a column about me?" And I kept saying to her, "When are you going to do something?" I think it was in March of 1972 that she took an OD and died.

On the podium Mrs. Gautier read from a poem sent anonymously by a student at Garfield High School, where Jimi had been kicked out for sassing a teacher who had become annoyed because he was holding hands with a white girl. "So long, our Jimi," Mrs. Gautier recited. "You answered the questions we never dared to ask, painted them in colorful circles and threw them at the world. . . they never touched the ground but soared up to the clouds. . . ."

After Jimi's funeral, I went to Monterey for the pop festival and then spent some time with Miles in San Francisco, where he was working a club. I was backstage at Winterland with the Grateful Dead and the Jefferson Airplane when word came that Janis had been discovered dead in her motel room in L.A. I didn't know what it all meant then and I still don't know, but even as I write this there's a moth beating itself to death on the electric bulb of my lamp. And in a little plastic cup on my desk near my typewriter there are two dried-out flowers, faded blue, from Jimi Hendrix's graveside. □

Alongside the coffin were a dozen floral displays including one six-foot white and lavender guitar made up with velvet strings.



Comin' for to carry him home.

WANTED

for Robbery, Murder, Treason, & other Acts



Against the Peace & Dignity
of the Homogenized Corporate Culture



THE REAL URBAN COWBOY

WILLIE, WAYLON, MERLE, J.R., TRAVOLTA & ME

BY KINKY FRIEDMAN

To tell you the truth this telephone booth gets
lonesome in the rain.
But son, I'm 21 in Nashville and I'm
43 in Maine
And when your mama gets home would you
tell her I phoned—
it'd take a lifetime to explain
That I'm a country-picker with a bumper-
sticker that says "God Bless John Wayne."
—"The People Who Read People Magazine"

The life of a country singer at times can be a very tedious one. You have to pretend that your life is a financial pleasure even when your autographs are bouncing.

You fall prey to the Jackson Downe Southern California songwriter's self-pity syndrome. You begin to believe that all dentists and married couples are happier than you are.

Many's the night you feel lonely, empty, homesick for heaven. Everybody you know thinks you've really got it made and suddenly you find you're a jet-set gypsy cryin' on the shoulder of the highway...

New York is a Negro talking to himself. Los Angeles is a Betamax with nothing to put in it. And there's a long, long trail a windin' into the land of your wet, slow-moving, American dreams.

Unlike many of my colleagues in country music, my childhood was not to be particularly conducive to country-music stardom. I never had the spiritual advantages of having been born the son of a poor, struggling Arkansas dirt farmer. As I grew up no one ever laughed and pointed at me and said, "Hey, look—there goes the coalminer's daughter."

I never even served any time in prison. Nor did I at any time seek to fabricate such a prison background. For I knew that my prison would be walking through this world always having to listen to Eagles albums.

I grew up in the Texas hill country, rooting passionately for Adlai Stevenson, the Chicago White Sox and Sugar Ray Robinson and listening faithfully to Hank Williams, Jimmie Rodgers (the only person on the planet that I ever loved with blue eyes) and Slim Whitman. I felt for Slim Whitman with his mustache and his memories, yodeling love songs for some long-lost lady yesterday. I shivered for Jimmie Rodgers, the singing brakeman, standing in the rain waiting for fast freights and faithless women who never came, who finally sung the T.B. blues, dying out like a train whistle in the night, the lantern still swinging in his hand.

And Hank Williams—skinny, hungry, spiritually horny, for whom all the world was a stage. Shakespeare of the sequined soliloquy—star of the southern Alabama summer stock. Hank Williams died when he was 29 years old—perfect timing for a country-music legend. Younger than Mozart, younger than even Jesus but

spiritually resurrected with a religious fervor that would have given Jesus a real run for his money. (That is if he had any. Gospel just wasn't getting a helluva lot of airplay at the time. "Of course," Mattie, his West Bank promo man noted, "after He died, His next release was a smash. I always told Him, 'You walk on that water, boy, and I'll get you 16 pages in the New Testament.'") Hank and Jimmie both made it to hillybilly heaven on roller skates before I could ever sit around and swap songs with them, but I did get to meet Slim Whitman once. He was sitting in a Holiday Inn in Nashville, eating ice cream and wearing red socks.

Years later a friend of mine, Ricky Goldberg (who now lives, interestingly enough, in Bogotá, Colombia), was to send me a personally autographed photo of Slim that read: "Best Wishes to the Friedmans —Good Luck, Slim Whitman." I put Slim right away into my Whitman Family

I never even served time in prison. I knew that my prison would be walking through this world always having to listen to Eagles albums.

Album side by side with his two highly celebrated brothers, Walt and Charles.

I am always a bit reticent to open too widely my hope chest. I fear too many Americans may seek to peek into the secret pockets of my youth. Nonetheless, I will allow that over the years I've managed to collect three other treasured autographs that I only pray will not bounce: Ernest Tubb's, Abbie Hoffman's and Lowell George's (the lead singer and spiritual force behind Little Feat).

I got Ernest's when I was only 14 years old at the famous Skyline Club in Austin, Texas.

Abbie Hoffman's autograph reads, "To Kinky Friedman—the best Jewish singer since Moses." Well, only time will tell.

Lowell George once autographed a book and gave it to me in Hollywood. The book was titled *How Much Prayer Should a Hamburger Get?* This was shortly before he made it to hillybilly heaven on roller skates.

Lowell had been taking me for a drive through the Hollywood hills in his new Blazer. He apparently had bought that particular vehicle with the royalties from his latest album. He said, in somewhat conspiratorial tones, "You see this Blazer, Kinky? This is what they give you for a gold record." Then we pulled up to a large,

sprawling house where Keith Moon's beautiful white Rolls Royce was parked out in front. "That," said Lowell, "is what they give you for a platinum record."

* * *

I had attended college at the University of Texas—in Austin (a severe personal liability that in order to overcome required my taking enormous quantities of rocket beans and staying up once for five years in a row in Nashville, Tennessee). I majored in classics and jungle languages. I graduated with a liberal-arts degree in an accelerated honors program called Plan II. It was mainly distinguished by the fact that every person in the program had some form or other of facial tic. As time went by it became increasingly clear to me that those facial tics, whom I had once thought were my friends, were soon all going to be strangers. But what really got me into history, country music and a lot of unpleasant situations was a course called "The Romantic Poets. Were They Philosophers or Fools, and Did They Get Any on Them?" My final thesis compared the symbolism of Elizabeth Barrett Browning's "How Do I Love Thee, Let Me Count the Ways" with Mel Tillis's "I Got the Hoss and You Got the Saddle, Let's Ride, Ride, Ride." Now I could have been a happy orthodontist or a carefree proctologist, but I could hear country music in all my Freudian dreams. One day Nashville beckoned to me.

Soon after I got to Nashville I realized that a special version of the Bible exists. They are the Five Books of Music Row. These books of course are:

1. Songs: published, unpublished, potential dentist's office appeal.
2. Numbers: listed, unlisted, men's room wall.
3. Profits: false, hidden, not to be followed.
4. The Gospel According to Chet Atkins: Honor thy producer and thy publisher. Remember thy label and keep it country. Deliver us from Eagles, Lord. Don't covet thy neighbor's ass, just please get your ass out of my office. So it is written and so it shall be recorded and so long, sucker.
5. Revelations: Columbus just arriving at the Bank of America discovers he's overdrawn. Willie, Waylon, George Jones and almost every other great artist discover they are getting hosed by their record companies and/or managers a lot more than by their groupies. Freddy Fender discovers he can't get into Johnny Rodriguez's country club. Ronnie Milsap discovers, quite by accident at a crowded party, that Dolly Parton has "great big ol' titties." Charley Pride discovers he's a Negro.

A handful of Hillybilly Heretics believed not and refused to bow down to these false idols. Soon these bibles were simply being called "the trades." The Nashville Sound was no longer only the

KINKY'S KOWBOY KUT-OUTS

Make your own urban cowboy!
Now, in the privacy of your own home, you can live out your wildest Western fantasies...

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The Kinky Doll will prove to be a trusted companion. You need never be alone again.



To assemble Kinky doll:
1) Carefully cut items out.
2) Add clothing and props.

3) Fold tabs back.
4) Mix and match!
5) Scratch and sniff!
Ride 'em cowboys

sound of the Silent Majority—and the Hillbilly Heretics were known as “The Outlaws.” Tompall Glaser of the Glaser brothers opened his studio to many of us with weird songs, ideas and hours. He and Waylon started making some real music. Tompall, who never fit into Nashville’s white-shoe world, once took my fairly wiggly cowboy hat while we played pinball. He wore it two years and gave it to Waylon. Soon everyone was wearing hats and swapping them like song lyrics. In restaurants where you never before could have entered wearing a hat, you now felt naked without one. Tompall claims that that pinball moment he took my hat and put it on his head without even tilting was the moment the outlaw movement spiritually began. “Bill Monroe and Ernest Tubb, of course,” he noted respectfully, “had always worn them.”

Some of us were crucified on crosses of vinyl. We were stoned for our ideas, stoned for our hairy, scary, soon to be legendary lifestyles or just plain stoned. Billy Joe Shaver wrote “Honky Tonk Heroes” and we were. Lee Clayton wrote “Ladies Love Outlaws” and they did. Willie had been wandering like a modern-day Moses in the Texas desert. Waylon had been a rebel without a clause in his recording contract to say and sing what he believed. And, in Austin, Jerry Jeff Walker had just thrown his new color TV set into his swimming pool.

Of course in the Church of the Latter-day Businessman, where souls and careers were saved simultaneously, good ol’ boys still got down on their clean-cut, commercially oriented, Christian kneecaps and actually prayed for their song to climb the charts on Jacob’s ladder and maybe become one of the top ten commandments.

My first album, *Sold American*, which was produced by Tompall’s brother Chuck and released in 1973, was hailed by some



Kenn Epstein/Camera 5

ABOVE: John Davidson, New York Rangers’ ace goalie, and Kinky rehearsing “The Star Spangled Banner” for the opening game of the hockey season. BELOW: Waylon and Kinky: The way they were in ’73 at early outlaw homecoming picnic.



Sandra Lee



Kinky Kunkin

Here’s Kinky with Johnny Paycheck enjoying a moment of sanctuary in the “Anne Frank Room” of the Lone Star Cafe in New York.

as the snowplow of the whole outlaw movement. It contained these prophetic lyrics from “Flying Down the Freeway”:

*We’ll pass the pipe of peace in our adobe
Wrapped up in the flag to keep us warm
We’ll dip some snuff and mainline guacamole
Rolling Ronnie Reagan in suppository form*

Willie returned to Nashville to produce my second album at Tompall’s with Waylon and countless other former outcasts and lyrical lepers. On the airwaves, the first voices of Radio Free Redneck—Captain Midnight in Nashville, Sammy Allred and Joe Gracey in Austin—were putting their balls on the turntables by playing “progressive country.” By this time, the good ol’ boy was practically a dodo bird. A great many writers, critics, artists and record execs were rooting for Jesse James and his gang. Indeed, the outlaws did get the gold before they began fighting amongst themselves.

continued

But things had changed in Music City forever. Jerry Jeff Walker had once knocked on every publisher's door in Nashville trying to publish a song he had written called "Mr. Bojangles." Today it's an all-time standard. Back on Music Row then, it was still the dark ages. It was the BWCB era (Before Willie Cut Buns). When Walker played the song for the president of one of the largest, most powerful publishing houses on Music Row, the Music Row magnate, who shall remain nameless and faceless probably forever, shook his head sagely, looked across his vast mahogany desk and succinctly summed up everything that was so wrong, so self-righteous, so out of touch and so out of tune about the Nashville Sound. "Sorry, chief," he said to the young songwriter, "but nobody wants to hear a song about an old drunk nigger and his dog."

* * *

On New Year's Eve several years ago I found myself in Houston, Texas, with Little Feat playing one side of town at the same time as Willie and Waylon were performing on the other side of town. I, like many Houstonians, felt pulled in both directions at once. I didn't know whether to shit or go blind. I wound up making a P.A. (public appearance) at the Willie and Waylon concert and getting to the Little Feat show just in time to hear Lowell calling me up on the stage to add a little local color. He sang: "Give me weed, whites, and wine / show me a sign / and I'll be willin' . . ." I threw in a little patented castrati harmony and then it was 12 o'clock and we gaily rang down the curtain on what had to have been, by all accounts, one of the most repellent years in recent memory.

In the early hours of that morning I took Lowell over to the hotel where Willie and Waylon were staying. We got on the elevator at about 5:30 A.M. and were surprised to find it going down instead of up. When it stopped, a little spinning ghost with a red bandana wrapped around its head got aboard. It was Willie. I introduced them, they shook hands and smiled at each other. Two of the most beautiful smiles in America. I said: "Two great hands meet."

Actually Willie had lent me a hand on several occasions. Once a Dallas club owner and his red-neck robots had escorted me from the stage to the alley. Later, just as I was preparing to hang from the shower rod in my hotel room, the phone rang. It was Willie. Two days later I was sharing the stage with Willie, Waylon and Leon Russell, looking out at 20,000 drunk and delirious Texans.

A few years later, Willie had gotten, as they say in Nashville, "hotter than a set of jumper cables at a nigger funeral." I'd been jumping from label to label and from coast to coast so much I didn't even know who I was. I called Willie. "Hell," I told him, "if

my ship ever comes in, I'll probably be at the airport." Willie invited me out to his house that night. (In Texas, you understand, we all share the common religious belief that if we live a good life, when we die we go to Willie Nelson's house.)

Willie's house was on a dusty, secret little road. There were no signs on the highway. No stars in the sky. No shoes, no shirt, no service. I was on a pre-C.B. road to Damascus. Willie's vague, dreamlike directions were running through my mind like a rhyming roadmap: "A little south of Austin, a little east of Eden, left at the spiritual crossroads and then through the mother-of-pearl gates."

I found Willie sitting in his bedroom with nothing but a guitar and a smile. "Willie, my life is going to hell in a hand-basket. Believe me, it ain't no picnic," I stammered. He nodded and laughed. It made me feel very peaceful. He began to

**A big Cadillac drove up in
a cloud of dust with
Waylon at the wheel.
He gave me some
words to live by.
He said: "Get in Kink.
Walking's bad for
your image."**

glow like some Jesus of the jukebox. "Am crazy, Willie?" I looked him straight in the eye. "That's all I want to know." I'll never forget him standing there, his eyes twinkling with pure bullshit Zen wisdom. "Kinky," he chuckled, "take it from me. If you ain't crazy, there's something wrong with you."

It serves no useful purpose to say who was more fucked up at that late hour in our lives. We were just three Americans alone together in an elevator. Like three wise men following a star. Like three bachelors with our very souls embroidered into the tortured tapestry of some cosmic dating game, we rode up into the night. Why was this night different from all other nights?

I couldn't remember and I couldn't forget. I couldn't very well ask the other passengers. (Willie'd dropped out of school very early. By day he'd sold Bibles door-to-door to Baptists in Waco. By night he'd sold hubcaps to backslidin' whiskey-palians. Lowell had dropped out before his Mom could finish packing his first lunchpail.)

By this time I was feeling like three sheets in the wind from the Nashville Holiday Inn: cried in, lied in, fucked in

and tucked in with mental-hospital corners.

I was never one to get too cosmic, but it did cross my desk then, that in some warped dimension of time, Hank Williams was probably dreaming his last back-seat dreams in the back seat of that shimmering, earth-bound Cadillac, on his way to that show he would never get to play.

* * *

Waylon Jennings is probably one of my all-time favorite Americans. He's humorous and magical and he sings "McArthur's Park" better than Richard Harris or Donna Summer or just about anybody else. It would take somebody like Tom Waits or Nina Simone to sing it any better and then it'd still be pretty close by the time it got to Phoenix.

Once I was walking down a dusty alley behind Music Row in Nashville. A big Cadillac drove up in a cloud of dust with Waylon at the wheel. He gave me some words to live by—words I have, to this day, never forgotten. He said: "Get in, Kink. Walking's bad for your image."

* * *

I always loved Merle Haggard, but I never thought the two of us would ever have a sensitivity session at the Howard Johnson's in Los Angeles.

My brother Roger credits the Hag with releasing the most schizophrenic 45-rpm country-western single in history. One side was "Every Fool Has a Rainbow," one of the heaviest songs since Christ was a cowboy. The flip side is "Walking on the Fighting Side of Me," a little goose-step number that sounded like Merle had been taking Barry Sadler lessons. Which side was the real hit? Which was the real Hag? Only his A&R man knew for sure.

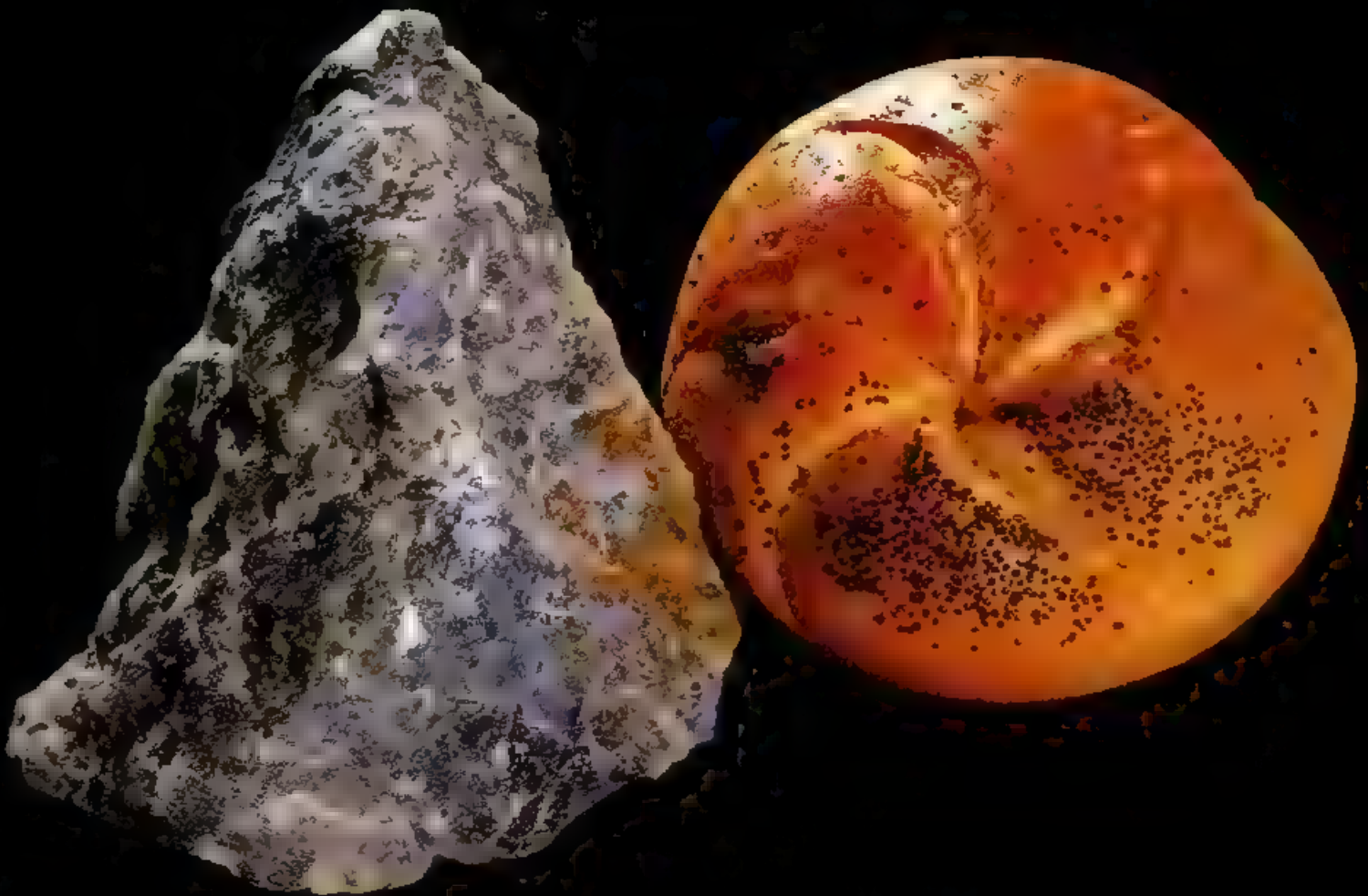
At that time, I thought he was more likely a "red-neck nerd in a bowling shirt." "A walking contradiction, partly truth and partly fiction," as Kristofferson might have said. (Incidentally, I've always admired Kris for being the first to use the word *Lord* 17 times in one song. But to his eternal credit, he never once used it in vain, just incessantly.)

But Kris was merely a Rhodes scholar; Merle was a road scholar. The Hag may be the purest, proudest expression of country we have today. He never had to become an outlaw—he was born that way. A prisoner, a branded man, a fugitive, an American untouchable, a self-service island. Like they told me in Nashville, "He's so country he couldn't go pop if you put a firecracker up his ass."

I'll never forget that fateful night I met Mighty Merle. A mutual friend had arranged the meeting at the Howard Johnson's where the Hag was registered. I was told. I walked into that hotel lobby with my cigar, my guitar and growing suspicion that this whole thing could be a joke or an ambush. I was to meet my

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I Can't Get No Satis- faction







NOTES ON THE NEON NIHILISTS

BY
GLENN O'BRIEN

NEW WAVE PART



Culture is like a record store. It's filled with bins. The bins are labeled by category so people can find what they are looking for. Let's make a new bin. And let's be arbitrary, because that's the only way we're going to get started.

Let's see—we had acid rock, heavy metal, fusion, glitter, disco, and then *punk rock*. It's still argued where and when *that* started. It's usually traced to the Velvet Underground, Iggy Pop and the MC 5. Punk's early roots, according to punkologists, are in such bands as Count Five, the Standells, the Music Machine and those early psychoto-delic pioneer groups featured on Lenny Kaye's *Nuggets* compilation album.

Punk was quick to define itself in New

York thanks to *Punk* magazine, which at one point asserted that there were only three truly punk bands: the Ramones, Blondie and the Dictators. By 1977, the idea of new wave was already around. That's where a group like the Talking Heads binned in. They were much weirder than regular bands, they were art, but they were not punks by pose. They weren't in leather. They looked like painters.

Dataism

Punk was wildly new and startling. But there was something familiar about it. In London during the height of punk, 1977-78, I saw a massive exhibition of Dada and surrealism at the Hayward Gallery. The similarity between what was

hanging on the wall there and what was happening just across town was amazing. Dada and punk graphics were often practically indistinguishable. Some of the gallery's visitors themselves looked like the exhibits—walking George Grosz cartoons. In context punk seemed like Dada taken to the streets. Which, in ways, it was.

I was particularly fascinated by the parts of the show chronicling the split between the Dadaists and the surrealists. Here were great artists slugging each other off with as much vehemence as the Sex Pistols and the Clash. The Dada-surrealism split ran a little deeper than the pop feuds: The Dadaists stuck to total cultural revolt while the surrealists allied themselves with orthodox communism and orthodox

New-wave family tree, from top to bottom: The Velvets' Lou Reed and '60s rock artistie Nico; Patti Smith.



TV



Freudianism. In our day the split seems to have happened in reverse order. New wave, son of Dada, has split from psychedelic, son of surrealism. Whereas hippies were mystical and "movement oriented," generally aligning themselves with the orthodox "new Left," new wave is more fact oriented and its politics stick close to home. "Just the facts, ma'am." Let's call it dataism.

Punk, whatever it is, is a part of new wave, whatever that is. It's confrontational, extremist new wave. But its strength is also its weakness. One thing the media moguls know is that extremist, anticestablishment subcultures can be priceless valuable. By presenting extremist art in an appropriately snide context, the media can extort a monstrous continental guffaw from its bourgeois charges. They snickered at Picasso; they giggled at Jackson Pollock; they chuckled at Warhol's soup cans. Wait 'til they see punk rock, safety pins through the nose and all. Extremist art simultaneously enables tiny intellectual minorities and the vast "silent majority" to feel superior, each at the expense of the other.

But new wave isn't so easily dispensed with. There's no safety pins, no pogo. There are many styles, many musical forms and enough ideas to keep the media confused while everyone else has some fun.

The Sound

Musicologically, there is no new wave. Forget it. New wave has no musical characteristics. New wave has plenty of social and stylistic characteristics, but it has no common approach to music.

Punk did have a few parameters. It was stripped down, fast and aggressive. The Ramones set the pace, playing rock 'n' roll that sounded like '60s 33s played at 45. The Ramones also set a standard for lead guitarists. They had none. Punk self-consciously retained the anxious and brutal tones of psychedelic and heavy-metal rock, but returned to straightforward '50s song structures while upping the tempo to an unprecedented rate. Punk was rock. New-wave music is usually rock, but it could be almost anything.

But for the most part new wave has been pop oriented—thinking person's pop. Elvis Costello does not represent a radical musical departure from mainstream stylists such as Van Morrison. What makes Elvis Costello new wave is his syntax, his stance, his package. The same is true for many acts considered new wave: Blondie, the most successful new-wave group, and one once certified "punk," has always been a pop group, and their musical method is the same today as it was in 1977. They play the classic pop forms and play with them, using new tones and times, tuning in timeless ideas and voicing them with the wit of the instant.

continued

John Doe, the punk bassist, says he dresses to scare people; his girl friend's idea of being well dressed is that wherever you walk, people laugh at you.



Stro Bators (above, center) of the Dead Boys; Maria Duval (right) of the Escalators

And there's plenty of new around. You can start with technology. There are new instruments and people who can play them. Synthesizers have rewired funk, rock and disco—coming up with some most interesting results. Producers, such as new-wave fellow-traveler Brian Eno, and bands, such as Public Image, have learned to use the recording studio as an instrument—following the experiments of Jamaican dub, the techniques of disco.

Other bands have literally started over from scratch, translating pop and rock ideas into new sonic turf. The Residents, a fabulously weird combo from San Francisco, have taken the entire body of pop music and translated it into an alien tuning and dynamic—playing "My Baby Does the Hunky Punky" with Eskimo tuning. The sky is no limit.

If the new-wave music has any direction, it's back to danceable rock. No longer are the kids content to lay back in stoned awe, sitting on their asses absorbing the rooooo excesses of pretentious doodling by lead guitar "virtuosos." The audience

wants to get in on the act, move around, have fun.

New Oldies

What passes for new wave is not immune to nostalgia. It's the latest. A few years back Robert Gordon recreated a classic rockabilly sound, often in collaboration with the genuine article, Link Wray. Robert Gordon is a great singer with flawless period taste. But some of the younger bands are heavily into flawed taste—that's what they seemed to like about rockabilly in the first place. And these kids are deadly serious about silliness. Bands like Buzz and the Flyers and the Rockats are a sight to see, exhuming the oeuvre of Bill Haley et al.

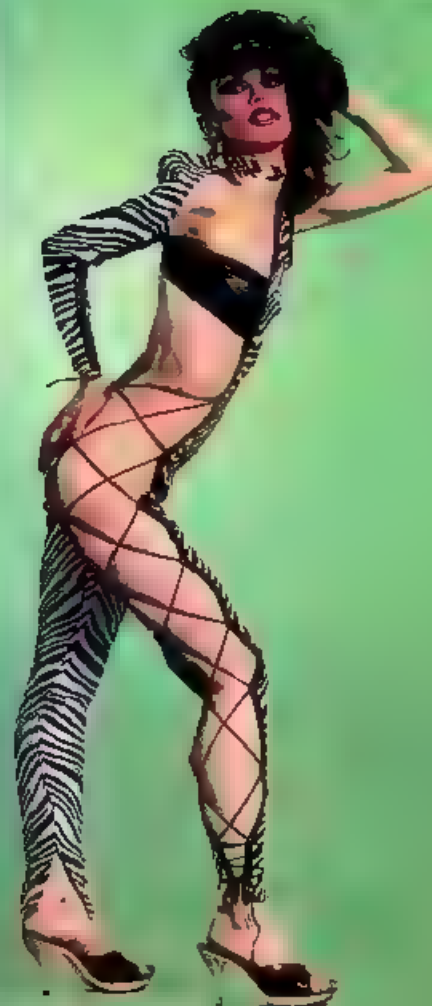
No less seriously silly are the Two Tone groups, fans and practitioners of neo-ska. Ska was the Jamaican pop sound before reggae, before Ras Tafari was a youth movement. London is a big reggae town and the kids there picked up on the great sounds of Prince Buster, the Skatalites and the other creators of ska. They copied it note for note

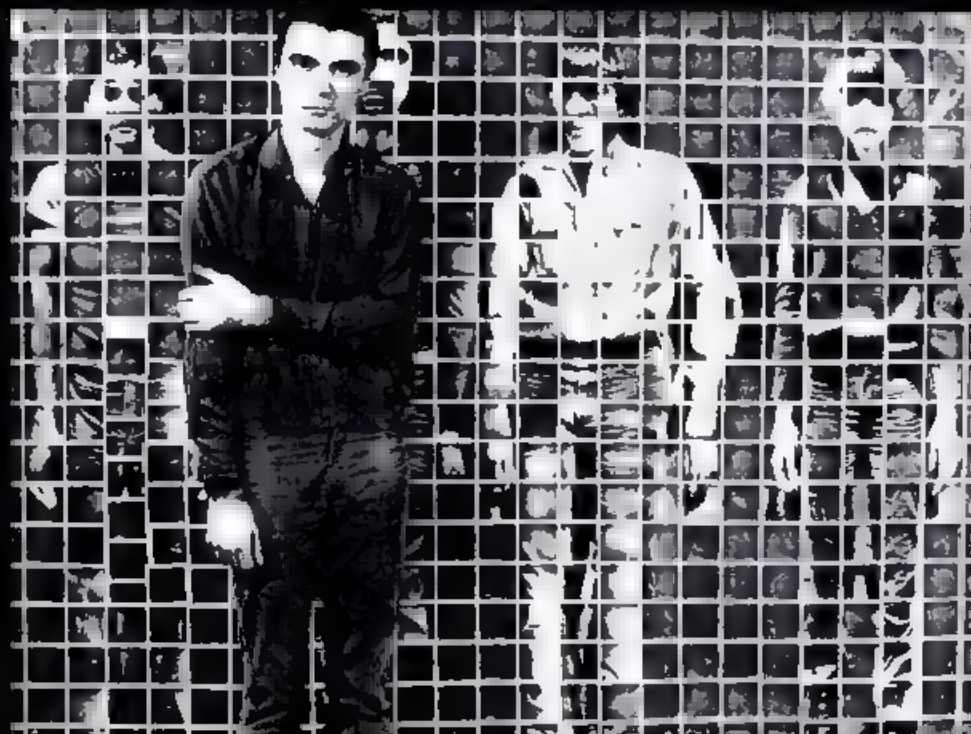
as much as possible, also copying as closely as possible the fashion of a well-dressed "chukkie" or Jamaican greaser. A skirny-brimmed hat covers a skinned head. These crazy baldheads got the music down pretty good, even without the essential instruments: trombone, trumpet and sax. But then they speeded it up 'til it sounded like Prince Buster meets the Ramones. The stuff comes out on the Two Tone label: the Specials, Madness, the Selecter. Check it, but not without checking out the genuine article. True ska is perhaps the most relaxed music on earth. I can't imagine why faster seems better in this case.

The New-Wave Business

You could call new wave a social phenomenon, or a fashion, or an art movement—but it might be more accurate and even interesting to think of it as a market. Record companies look at new wave the way the utilities look at solar energy. They didn't want it in the first place because it didn't fit their marketing structure.

The major record companies do not want to sell singles. The way they are structured today most cannot make money on a single, no matter what it sells. To the majors the single is good only for promoting the album. The majors also do not want artists that sell modestly but steadily over a number of years. It's too much trouble to service their catalogs.





©Steven Alvarez/WireImage 1980/2 Lynne Goldman/ABC



Joey Ramone



Michael Ochs



Joey Ramone

Clockwise from upper left: David Byrne and his Talking Heads; a sultry Joey Ramone; latter-day rockabilly king Robert Gordon; Steve and Eydie of punk, the ex-Sid Vicious and Nancy Spungen.

They want monster acts, bands that will go platinum in a few months and tour constantly in support of the album. If the company doesn't have enough monster acts (and they never do), they will try to manufacture them. To do this they will usually find malleable groups or put together new ones that resemble existing monster groups. Talent takes a back seat to manageability. Obviously a large gap existed between a sizable group of talented artists and the major record companies.

More and more musicians with talent and something new to offer found the record company situation hopeless. Rather

than give up, the bands realized that a very adequately recorded and pressed single could be made for a few grand and they began making their own records. And the records sold. Record shops began specializing in underground releases, which soon numbered in the hundreds. Many sold thousands of copies.

Soon the race was on to sign the top recording artists and buy out the baby labels. A once very minor label, Sire Records—with the Ramones, the Talking Heads and other promising bands—was made a part of the Warner Brothers family. Stiff, which brought us Elvis II, Lene

Lowich, Nick Lowe and others, made a big deal with Columbia and Epic. Bands like Blondie and Devo were snapped up by majors for major bucks.

Actually new wave as such owes plenty to the major record companies that cringed at the name punk. New wave sounds clean. Major record companies hired rock writers to write essays explaining new wave as the exciting successor to punk rock.

Permanent Waves

John Doe, bassist of X, a top L.A. new-wave punk band, told the fashion reporter

continued on page 101



NOTES TO YOU



COMPILED BY
TULI KUPFERBERG



Photo: Goldsmith

But [my fans] see someone who felt alienated, who didn't belong anywhere. I stuck it out, you know, I stuck it out. And I'm determined to make us kids, us fuckups, us ones who could never get a degree in college, whatever, have a family, or do regular stuff, social stuff, prove that there's a place for us.

Patti Smith,
Rolling Stone, July 1978

What I am trying to get across is the place we are at in the grand scope of history: something like this: The first three notes of "Little Johnny Jewel" by Television equaling the first three notes of Beethoven's Fifth, and the Voids' new LP equaling Wagner's *The Ring Trilogy*.

Susan Springfield, 1978

Better a chamber friend than a song friend.

Old Welsh proverb



Photo: Trends

The sicker you kids get, the greater the shows we'll have for you.

Alice Cooper

... Fall on the floor and eat your grandmother's diapers! Drums, Whatta lotta Noise you want a Revolution? Wanna Apocalypse? Blow up in Dynamite Sound? I can't get excited, Louder! Viciouser! Fuck me in the ass! Suck me! Come in my ears!

Allen Ginsberg,
from "Punk Rock Your
My Big Crybaby,"
Village Voice,
December 1978

We cannot just put together great shows, because then you go bankrupt.

Bill Graham

We found that we moved the white audiences more by caricaturing music, you know, overdoing the shit—falling on your back with the saxophone, kicking your legs up. And if we did too much of that for a black audience they'd tell us—"Enough of that shit—play some music!"

Johnny Otis, 1974



If any person has sung or composed against another person a song such as was causing slander or insult to

another, he shall be clubbed to death.

The Twelve Tables
Roman law, 449 B.C.

Do everything I tell you and I'll make you a star. She did and I did. And We did. That kind of attitude and a motherfucker song—to break a chuck that's what it takes. Then if she looks good and has big tits—she just might make it.

Sonny Limbo talking
about Sammi Jo,
Rolling Stone, August 1974

As a signet of an emerald set in a work of gold, so is the melody of music with pleasant wine.

Ben Sira 32:6,
about 180 B.C.

No rock musician has ever paid to see an audience, why should an audience pay to see a rock musician?

David Peel

The requirements for glamor in jazz too often include eccentricity, limited technical scope (supposedly compensated by "soul"), a personal background of social problems, and a tendency to show up for the Wednesday matinee at midnight on Thursday.

Leonard Feather,
from *Satchmo to Miles*,
1972

Everything will perish save love and music.

Gaelic proverb



Photo: Vahr

When you get in the record business someone gonna rip you anyway so that don't bother me. If you don't rip, she gonna rip me, and if she don't rip me, he gonna rip me, so I'm gonna get ripped, so you don't be bothered by that, because people round you gonna rip you if they can.

Muddy Waters



If you turn up the music loud enough you won't hear the world crumbling around you.

Character in British film
Jubilee, 1978



People think the Beatles know what's going on. We don't.
John Lennon

Good rock stars take drugs, put their penises in plaster of Paris, collectivise their sex, molest policemen, promote self-curiosity, unlock myriad spirits, epitomise fun, freedom and bullshit.

Richard Neville, Play Power, 1969

Bob Dylan? Every thought he ever thinks gets recorded and sold. He's become a growth industry.

Jack Farris, 1977

Kings' swords cut and priests' fires burn, but street songs kill quickest.

Spanish proverb

It is better to make a piece of music than to perform one, better to perform one than to listen to one, better to listen to one than to misuse it as a means of distraction, entertainment, or acquisition of "culture."

John Cage, Silence, 1961

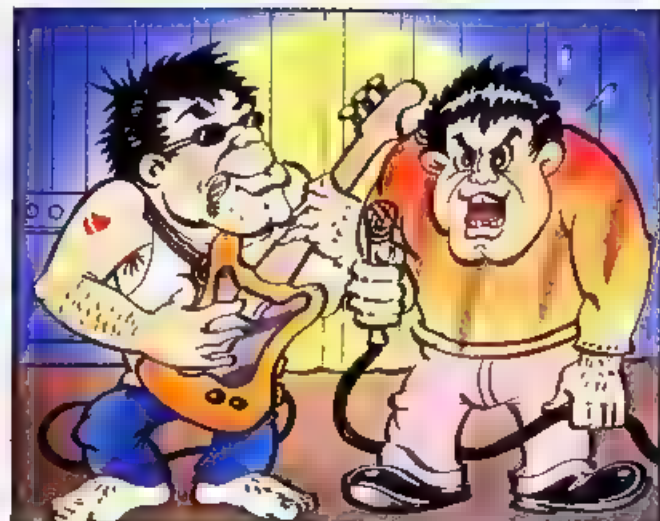
It is better not to compose lies, if only because it takes so many notes.

Ermanno Wolf-Ferrari, 1934



I've heard incredible Rolling Stones stories I know nothing about. I don't know if I was asleep in my room or what—why did I miss out on that one?

Keith Richards



Rock 'n' roll is sung, played and written for the most part

by cretinous goons... This rancid aphrodisiac I deplore.

Frank Sinatra, 1971

Lots of people who complained about us receiving the MBE [Member of the Order of the British Empire, awarded by Queen Elizabeth] received theirs for heroism in the war—for killing people. We received ours for entertaining other people. I'd say we deserved ours more....

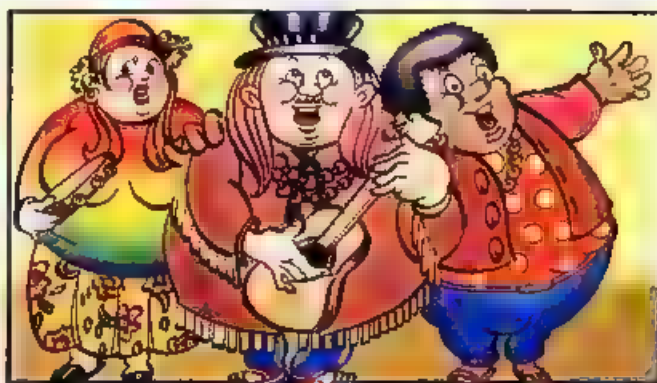
John Lennon, 1969

Professional musicians and music teachers—two distinct classes by the way—... have in common their hatred of music.

H.L. Mencken, 1914

Punks don't have sex... they're afraid to fuck because they might do something wrong.

Ron Link, 1977



Folk singing is just a bunch of fat people.

Bob Dylan

The only thing a Negro can do for me is shine my shoes.

Elvis Presley

Extraordinary how potent cheap music is.

Noel Coward, Private Lives, 1930

When the mode of the music changes, the walls of the city shake.

Damon of Athens, about 390 B.C.



We are stardust (billion-year-old carbon)
We are golden (caught in the devil's bargain)
And we've got to get ourselves Back to the garden.

Joni Mitchell, "Woodstock," 1969

It's better than fighting.

Wilke Johnson (Dr. Feelgood), rock musician

Dear Mr Edison, For myself, I can only say that I am astonished and somewhat terrified at the result on this evening's experiment [with the phonograph]. Astonished at the wonderful form you have developed and terrified at the thought that so much hideous and bad music will be put on records for ever.

Sir Arthur Sullivan, 1888

They think its funny Turning rebellion into money
Joe Strummer, of The Clash, "White Man in Hammersmith Palais," 1978



The waltz was once considered lascivious because it was the first dance that allowed a man to put his arms around a woman in public. In 1805 Burney called the waltz "a rollin' in the mire." The clergy called it "the rhythmic incantation of the Devil."



I'm not only part of the establishment, I am the establishment.
Peter Dinklage, Rolling Stone, June 1978



Love Me Tender, Fill My 'Script

by Michael Chance

Dick Grob looks like the kind of guy the Village People are always pretending to be: built like a bollard, with arms like steel cables and an all-encompassing eye that is hypersensitive to trouble. But Dick Grob is the real McCoy. After a stint in the Army he was a cop for several years, then took on one of the toughest bodyguard assignments in the business: chief of security for Elvis Presley.

Guarding the king of rock 'n' roll wasn't easy. In addition to hysterical fans, scene crashers and the usual assortment of weirdos and sleazoids that plague the life of all superstars, there had been an unsettling rise in the number of violent attacks on the King lately. One such incident, in fact, had been instrumental in catapulting Grob to his position. A drunk trying to invade Presley's quarters backstage at Lake Tahoe had mixed it up with security chief Red West, another gas-pump figure of a man, who immediately disposed of the intruder. When the ruffled drunk sobered up he pressed charges, and in part to mollify the defendant, West had been fired.

But another important part of Grob's job was guarding Presley from himself. Dr. George Nichopoulos, Presley's personal physician for more than a decade, had asked security, along with the other high-ranking Presley aides-de-camp, to be on the lookout for drugs that mysterious outside figures were providing the rock star. Elvis had already been in the detox tank twice to reverse the effects of his gluttonous consumption of drugs and now "Dr. Nick" was worried. Then one day, just a few hours after Grob had left Presley playing racquetball at

his Memphis mansion, he received a call from Graceland saying that the King was dead.

Now almost three years later, Dr. Nick faces criminal charges for overprescribing prescription drugs, the questions surrounding Presley's death are still unresolved. Dick Grob tries to be loyal to both his master and the man who many believe killed him. He shakes his head sadly.

"They're making a scapegoat out of Dr. Nick," he says with a jerk of his thumb over his shoulder at a noisy camera crew from a local TV station. "You know, if it was you or me who died this whole thing never would have happened. But this was Elvis Presley, the most famous man alive. They had to hang somebody and they settled on Dr. Nick. They all want to be like Geraldo Rivera."

Geraldo Rivera, the celebrity ABC-TV newsmen, whooshes by with a teetering carton load of coffee cups. As the perky newsmen with the Dudley Doright chin disappears into the hearing room of the Memphis City Council, he is followed by the dagger stares of a half dozen people lounging in the anteroom.

"That guy's real name is Jerry Rivers," cracks a voice.

"And he ain't Puerto Rican, he's Jewish," responds another. "He just calls himself that to get the minority status." There is a general peal of laughter, joined by the guards, a couple of rubberneckers from the D.A.'s office and some nervous newshounds out for a cigarette. The media aren't thought of too kindly here in Memphis, where they're dragging the city's greatest icon through the mud.

Grob takes a puff off a cigarette and rubs his grizzled jaw.

"You know, I'm not saying that Elvis ever did any of the things that a lot of these sensationalist accounts claim he did. I never saw him do any drugs. In this business we deal all the time with people who pull out bottles of cocaine or offer a joint, and I never once saw Elvis do any of them."

"And I'm not saying that any of the charges against Dr. Nick are even remotely true. For what I saw, he tried to help the man and was concerned for his health, watched out for him, kept him from himself. But I'm just saying that if Elvis Presley *did* do all those drugs that people say and he accomplished in his lifetime what he accomplished, well then, I think I just may go and get me some of that stuff."

Dick Grob's conclusion that the media were to blame for Dr. Nick's problems and the decaying image of Elvis Presley is one shared by many in this music- and history-rich city. Elvis is a God here. You can buy Elvis shoes, Elvis combs, Elvis recipes and even Elvis wine—and Elvis never drank wine. You can sleep in the Elvis Presley Inn on Elvis Presley Boulevard and, along with several thousand people a day—still, three years after his death—visit the Elvis Presley memorial at Elvis Presley's mansion, Graceland. Elvis's all-American image—long sought prize of an uphill battle that began on the "Ed Sullivan Show" with the famous censure of Elvis's hip swinging and ended with Elvis's Las Vegas successes—is not just a spiritual ideal here, but an industry.

Within a few weeks Dr. Nick is

The investigation of Elvis's Dr. Yes

going on trial to answer a 14-count indictment charging him with "feloniously dispensing" prescription drugs to Elvis Presley, Jerry Lee Lewis and nine other people, including himself. If found guilty he could get ten years on each count and a \$20,000 fine. The charges stem from prescription records that show Dr. Nick prescribed more than 12,000 controlled substances—mostly speed and downers—to the singer during his last 18 months alive.

The case is shaping up not as one of the showboat trials of the century, but it could set some landmark legal precedents. Not since "Dr. Jake"—Max Jacobson—lost his license for turning John Kennedy into a speed freak, almost causing a war with Russia over Cuba (Kennedy had just been shot up with methedrine before he went on TV for his famous "eyeball to eyeball" speech), has the question of a doctor's responsibility to his pill-hungry patients been brought so glaringly into the public eye.

Initially, a lot of people felt Dr. Nick was to blame for Elvis's death and the 12,000 ups and downs certainly didn't do much to prolong the singer's life. But since then, as the story of Elvis's 20-year battle with drugs came out of the closet, some of Dr. Nick's detractors have softened up and they now see him as a curious sort of victim too.

"He was like a man trying to ride a mad elephant," summed up one of Elvis's entourage during hearings by the Tennessee Medical Board on Dr. Nick's license. "Elvis was going to take drugs no matter what. Dr. Nick had his hands full just keeping track of and controlling the dope that Elvis put in his mouth. Elvis probably would have had more troubles with drugs if it hadn't been for Dr. Nick."

This defense was accepted by most of the five-member medical board who then issued the minor penalty of a three-month license suspension. It will also be the backbone of the criminal defense. During the hearings earlier this year, witness after witness described Elvis as a man who spent the last ten years with a monkey on his back the size of King Kong. Marty Lacker, old friend and top aide who was Elvis's best man at his wedding; Joe Esposito, chief of staff for the Presley empire; Letitia Henley, the nurse Dr. Nick had installed behind Graceland to monitor and control Elvis's drug taking, and even Dr. Nick himself took turns in the witness chair recalling Elvis's drug habits.

"Presley would wake up after sleeping a few hours, reach for a table and if there were pills there he would

Witness after witness described Elvis as a man who spent the last ten years with a monkey on his back the size of King Kong.

maybe take four," related Joe Esposito. "Sometimes he'd wake up at 2 P.M., think it was 2 A.M. and take some more pills; then we'd have to get him up at 4 P.M. to get ready for a concert and Elvis thinking it's the middle of the night."

Implicitly, this is the major question of the trial. Did Dr. Nick cause Elvis's death by prescribing the drugs that may have killed him? It is a tar-baby question that may never be resolved. It has never been firmly evidenced that Presley died of a drug overdose—a fact that the defense hopes to

capitalize on. The debate still rages over how Presley died, and it is dubious that much further light will be shed in the criminal trial.

The evidence for an overdose is strong. On the day Elvis was found slumped in front of the toilet and an ambulance summoned, the first person who arrived, ambulance attendant Ulysses Smith, was told by people at the door that Elvis had suffered a drug overdose. Elvis displayed symptoms of an overdose death: an enlarged heart and liver, blue face, eyes so dilated that long after Elvis had been pronounced dead by other doctors at Baptist Memorial Hospital, Dr. Nick was still desperately trying to resuscitate him and convince the others to help on the basis that Elvis's pupils were still dilated. Elvis entered the hospital as an OD patient; it was entered on his chart and preparations were made to treat him for an OD. Part of the reason the hospital prepared for OD treatment was their private knowledge that Elvis had been treated twice for drug addiction at the hospital in the last five years. Finally, the hospital chief of pathology, Eric Muirhead, conducted a preliminary autopsy and attributed the cause of death to a fatal combination of drugs.

However, a few days later an "official" autopsy was issued by Shelby County Medical Examiner Jerry Francisco concluding that "Elvis died of heart failure. The drugs neither caused nor contributed to his death."

There was a storm of controversy, particularly in the light of an explosive best seller by Presley's canned bodyguards—Red West, Sonny West and Dave Hebler—*Elvis, What Happened?* The book chronicled long years of drug abuse not just by Presley, but his whole entourage. "Pills to get

Before



Dr. Nick



After





up in the morning, pills during the day, pills at night to go to sleep."

The three authors, while the first to publicly pillory Elvis for his dope habits, are strong in their defense of Dr. Nick. "I can tell you that of all the doctors and medical people Elvis was involved with that I have knowledge of, the only one who was worth a damn ... is George Nichopoulos. Doctor Nick is the only doctor who didn't give Elvis crap," says Dave Hebler.

Dr. Nick became Elvis's doctor in 1967 after meeting him at a horse ranch in California. Nichopoulos had a steady practice and a good reputation in Memphis, where he treated the rich Southern aristocracy who are so overrepresented in the bustling river city. A couple of years later when Elvis settled in Memphis, he began to rely more and more on Dr. Nick's advice until the doctor became not only the King's reigning medicine man but a close friend.

Dr. Nick was acquainted with Elvis's drug problems almost from the start. Elvis had gotten a taste for speed while living in Germany during his Army stint, according to several sources, and later used the drug to keep awake for the long all-night drives he preferred to flying and to pep him up for stage appearances. On the witness stand at the medical-board hearings, Nichopoulos described how Elvis would come to him before a show and beg him for ups.

"Frequently he would have gone many hours without sleep. He said he couldn't do the show without them. I felt under such circumstances the dispensation was warranted."

Dr. Nick's outside practice dwindled and he spent more and more time with Elvis. He often accompanied him on tours. Dr. Nick explained during his medical-board hearing that

The prosecutor was interested in a 'script for an ounce of liquid cocaine. "A lot of singers use it for a sore throat," Dr. Nick explained.

it was his presence on these tours that accounted for the extremely high number of prescribed pills to Presley.

"I was the doctor for the entire entourage, over a hundred people. All of the drugs were prescribed in Presley's name—that's the way he wanted it. These drugs were then used for a variety of complaints. Usually about half would be left over. These were thrown away."

This story was reinforced by other witnesses at the board hearing who also agreed that Dr. Nick had done his best to keep Elvis from doing drugs by trying to cut off the singer's surreptitious outside supply sources and substituting placebos for the real thing. Marty Lacker told how drugs were sometimes sent to Elvis under phony names and how Dr. Nick had alerted the staff to be on the lookout for this ruse. He also praised Dr. Nick for encouraging the singer—who at the time of his death weighed 240 pounds—to exercise, an endorsement echoed by Joe Esposito and others.

But at the core of Dr. Nick's defense at the board hearings and the core of his defense at the upcoming trial is that Elvis was, unlike his public image as a shy, aw-shucks country boy, a tyrannical, megalomaniacal, spoiled mama's boy whose fame led him to believe himself invulnerable to the normal human frailties. He was repeatedly warned of the possible consequences of his habit—advice he

chose to ignore with the greatest arrogance. Instead he bounced through life from one emotional extremity to another: fits of weeping, fits of adulation, fits of giving in which he would lavish tens of thousands of dollars worth of cars, jewels and money to whomever suited his fancy.

"He was a very strong-willed individual," judged Nichopoulos on the stand. "He did not take no for an answer. If he wanted something he would just go around me. I told him he was just defeating himself." This characterization of Presley was repeated by many others, including Presley's girl friend, Ginger Alden.

Since there was no hope of altering his behavior, continues this defense, the best hope for Elvis's health lay in controlling his behavior. Already Elvis had come dangerously close to overdosing on several occasions and had twice been hospitalized. Dr. Nick was frequently on the road with Elvis the last few years, summoned repeatedly by the singer, who suffered from a host of real and imagined ailments. He demanded drugs and if Dr. Nick didn't get them he would hire somebody to go out and find them.

"He would go out and find other doctors who would prescribe him whatever he wanted. He did this around Memphis and elsewhere," explained the doctor. "Or he would buy 'off the streets.' In either event I felt it was more important that I be the only one prescribing drugs. He obviously had a problem and I was taking an overview. It was an extreme situation: This man could get whatever he wanted."

Dr. Nick described how he sometimes intercepted packages of drugs mailed to Presley and replaced them with harmless placebos. One such package had come from Las

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Vegas and Joe Esposito had found it and given it to the doctor. He had placed milk sugar in the enclosed capsules and then let Elvis have it. Elvis ate the placebos and did a show. When it was called to his attention that he had taken placebos and not the speed he had expected, he said, "I knew it all the time, I knew you guys were playing a trick on me."

Often Dr. Nick prescribed sedatives after a particularly rigorous show. "He put on very intense productions, really put a lot of himself into them. When he was done he was wound up. This is when he wasn't on amphetamines. He wasn't able to sleep at all on nights like that and he often had to go on the next day. Again, I felt the treatment was medically warranted."

At other times the doctor prescribed more unusual treatments. The prosecutor at the medical board hearings was particularly interested in an ounce of liquid cocaine prescribed to the singer in June 1977. Dr. Nick explained that "he wanted it for his throat. A lot of singers use it for a sore throat."

However true this may be, Red West gave a somewhat different version to writer Leslie Smith. He says Presley liked coke and did it to get high. "Now, when I saw him do it, it was in later '75, and I don't think he was using it at that time. I saw him with a comedian up there on the 30th floor, outside on the balcony in Vegas, the Hilton. First time I ever saw him do it."

"And after that, Elvis used to take these cotton balls and soak them and put them in his nose, and we were told it was liquid coke. He used to do that, but I actually saw him sniff it that time in '75 and after that it was Red and Joe Esposito and these guys that were breaking the coke down, actual coke that he was going to use, breaking it down and putting BC powder or something in there so he was getting a little bit of coke but mostly BC powder or whatever it is they put in."

Dave Hebler sums up this view of Dr. Nick: "He really, really and truly tried the best he could to protect Elvis and save his life. There was no way he could walk up to Elvis and say, 'Hey, you damned junkie, you're going to die you son of a bitch and you're not going to get this anymore.' It wouldn't have worked."

Still, there are those who hold Dr. Nick accountable. After Elvis's death Dr. Nick was banned at Graceland and taken off the case of Elvis's grandmother. He received crank calls at his home and one night at a football game somebody took a shot at him.

And of course, now there is the

continued on page 68

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continued from page 67
government.

The amount of drugs Dr. Nick prescribed staggers the imagination. If they were purchased on the street the costs would reach into the millions. The charges of the medical board were listed in a 59-page complaint and included over 12,000 pills prescribed to Presley alone in the 18 months before he died. It took eight full-size legal pages to list the prescriptions. Among them: Quaaludes, Dilaudid, Dexedrine, Leritine, Parest, Amytal, Biphentamine, Tuinal, Demerol, Percodan, Dexamy, Carbrital, Valium, Ionamin, Placidyl, Hycomine, Lomotil and cocaine. But this was, according to several sources, a short accounting.

If you include pills prescribed by Dr. Nick to Presley's closest aides during this same period, you come up with tens of thousands of more pills. For instance, writer Leslie S. Smith, a Presley in-law who wrote an account of the aftermath following Presley's death, turned up certified copies signed by Frank L. Kessler, owner of Kessler's Pharmacy in Memphis, for another 13,291 pills prescribed by Dr. Nick to Marty Lacker, mostly Placidyl.

A major question that arose during the medical board hearings and is

sure to be raised in the criminal trial is what Dr. Nick received for his treatment. According to Dr. Nick's statement, he received only the standard professional fees, plus a few of the gifts that Elvis always handed out. The prosecution turned up two items of indebtedness that Dr. Nick owed Elvis, a \$25,000 cash loan and a \$250,000 home-mortgage loan. Dr. Nick was asked if he had received any other money or gifts from Elvis while he was treating him and Dr. Nick assured them that he had not.

But again, there is a different version of this. Marty Lacker says that Dr. Nick once received a \$20,000 Mercedes Benz, and others say he received thousands of dollars worth of jewelry. But most understated and overlooked was a \$1.3 million loan guarantee that Elvis had to ante up for when a racquetball venture hatched by Dr. Nick in conjunction with Joe Esposito and a man named Michael McMahan went down in flames. Dr. Nick had introduced Presley and the "Memphis mafia" to racquetball and Elvis even had a court installed at Graceland. Everyone played. The racquetball scheme was to build courts in the glamor capitals of America: Palm Beach, Hollywood, Miami and so on. The plan soured and Elvis got stuck holding the bill.

Even more damning is the attitude

of those like Patsy Lacker, Marty Lacker's wife:

"Our life became a horror. There were so many pills that one closet shelf was filled with empty bottles. He saved the empty bottles until one night the wife of one of the guys called. She was fed up with the drugs, she had had enough. She told Marty she was calling the authorities and sending them to our house as well as to Graceland and their own place. Marty was so scared he made me take all the empty pill bottles, put them in paper bags and throw the bags out of the car along the road.

"I knew something had to be done. The source of the pills was Elvis's great friend and physician, Dr. George Nichopoulos. I absolutely hated what that man had done to my husband under the guise of medicine. My husband was addicted to drugs, our lives were being ruined and Nichopoulos kept the pills coming as fast as Marty wanted them.

"I went to Graceland to see Nichopoulos and told him to stop the drugs. I told him I was going to report them all if anything happened to Marty. I begged and threatened and Dr. Nichopoulos laughed at me. I'm only sorry now that I was too afraid to carry out the threats. At least we did get through it alive, which was a better fate than Elvis's." □



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Grow American.

by Farmer Green

Marijuana is now the top cash crop in California, having recently pulled ahead of various fruits, nuts and swarms. This presents a lot of California farm folk with the unenviable chore of hyping their product across the land while doing their damndest to hide every illegal speck of the stuff.

Take the Haze brothers. For four years they've been captivating American potheads with what they brazenly declare to be the "finest pot grown anywhere on

earth." At the very least it merited a nomination for a HIGH TIMES "Herbie" award (see HIGH TIMES, July '80). But can they even get a suntan toiling amidst their crop? Can they exhibit their most perfect colas in the county fair? Nope. Because pot is still illegal in California they confine their agricultural endeavors to the discreet shelter of several local greenhouses, which tend to deter both poachers and narcs.

In fact, although the long growing season in the southern end of the state makes for more potent weed than can be

harvested in the notorious north, the denser population down L.A. way makes discreet outdoor farming nigh unto impossible. Hence the growing popularity of reefer-under-glass.

Like any would-be star in movieland, greenhouse dope has its own press agent, Joe Haze, who stopped by the HIGH TIMES Farm Bureau recently to plug his favorite plants. Fortunately, he brought along a "Kellogg's Snack-Pak of exotica," as he called his primo produce, so we could show our readers what can be done with a

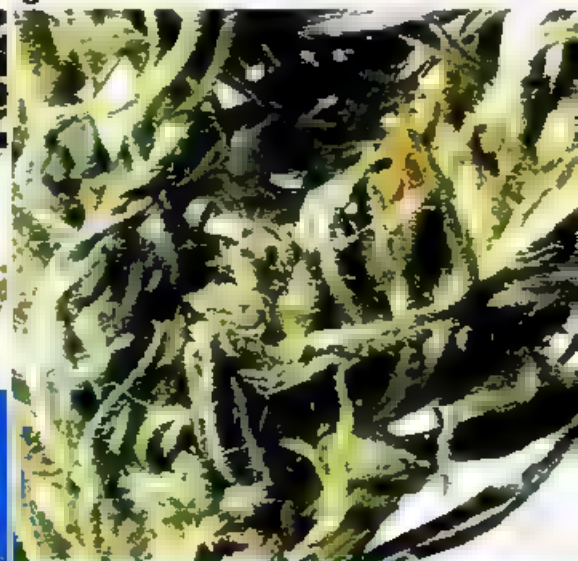
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common greenhouse and either a long season or a good lighting schedule.

Using seeds from their favorite imported smoke, the Haze brothers came out with "Purple Haze," "Golden Haze" and a range of other colors four years ago, and have been breeding and crossbreeding subsequent generations of those botanical wonders. "The colors are a fluke," says Haze. "We never know what color a crop will come out. One year it's tannish brown, next year it's greenish purple." The Haze brothers guard their growing secrets—soil, fertilizer, nutrients, et cetera—the way a perfumer guards his formula. Everything's a "trade secret," except the late harvest, which is well into December, giving the flowers more time to get with it. "Blood is thicker than Haze" is our motto," says Joe,

who adds that as a further precaution against attempted cloning, the brothers painstakingly remove every single seed from their harvested crop before marketing it in select cities.

Haze says northern-California pot is upstaging his "brand," and without justification. "The stuff they grow up there is mostly indica, but it's harvested early to get it in before the frost," he says. "In our county the flowers pump out resin until December, and Haze pot is from sativa seeds." He admits that there's nothing really sacred about geography for greenhousers, because the lighting and climate can be controlled so well indoors. "I'm amazed that greenhousing hasn't caught on throughout the U.S. the way it has in southern California." □

- 1) "Jumping Johnny Green" is what one southern-California grower dubbed her crop of Haze "cousins."
- 2) "Golden Haze," produced by an "official" Haze grower, shows the breed's club-formed tops.
- 3) Haze seeds, originally sativa, resulted in this gold-tinged beauty, also raised indoors.
- 4) Southern latitude is also a boon to outdoor growing as this indica-sativa hybrid makes clear. (By the way, who swiped a big, gooey bud from this stalk on the way to the photo studio?)
- 5) Another Haze specimen, this one greenish light purple in hue and just bristling with long, luscious pistils.
- 6) Purple indica, the pride of a non-Haze, southern-Cal grower.

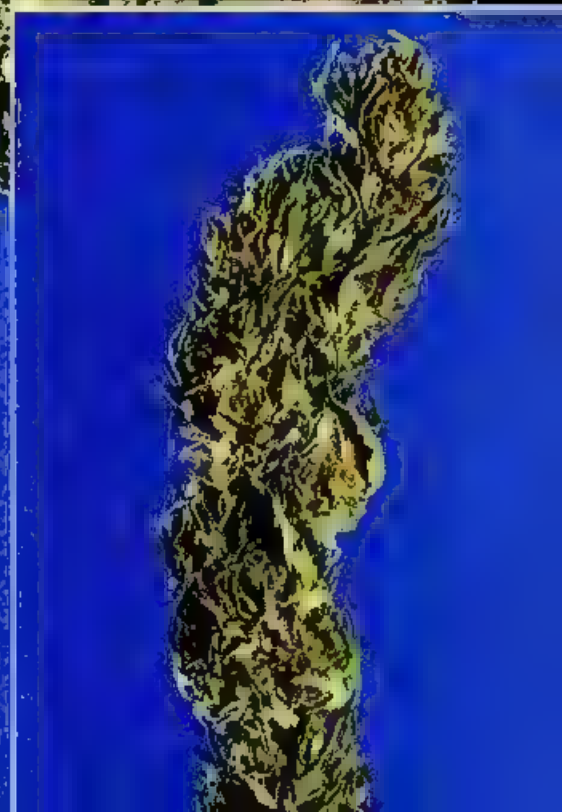
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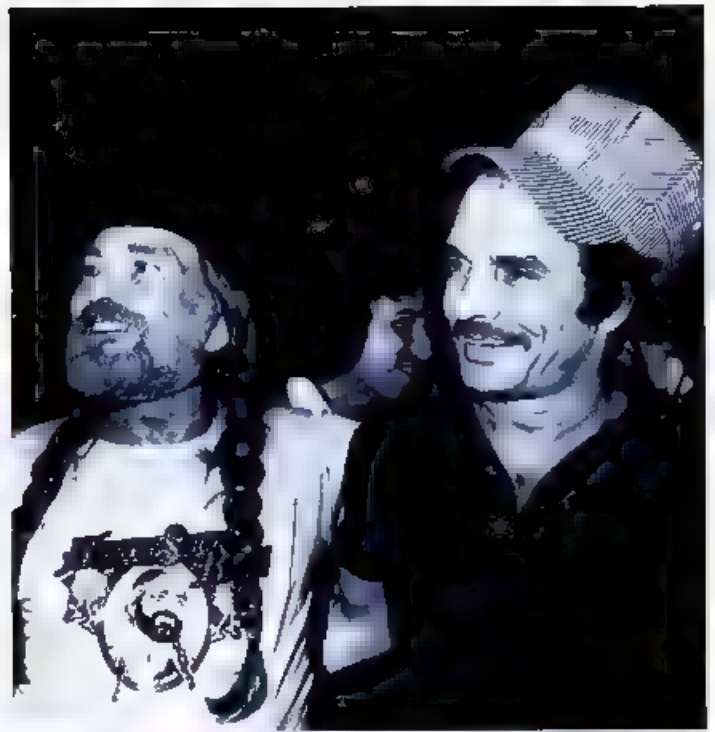


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REA TITMUS



Beverly Casimiro

ABOVE RIGHT: Willie and Merle crack up at one of Kinky's repellent jokes at Willie's last picnic, 7/4/80. **BELOW RIGHT:** Prof. Irwin Corey teaches Kinky a new lick.

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friend at 2 A.M. So here I was, in my high rodeo drag from Nudie's of Hollywood, my custom skypiece from Manny's Texas Hatters in Austin and my favorite pair of endangered species boots tipped with silver Texas toe tappers from Joe's Western Wear of Kerrville.

It crossed my desk that I was somewhat overdressed for the occasion. But I had to keep up the front. Where the hell was Merle? What was he doing here at HoJo's? Somehow I couldn't imagine him putting a quarter in his vibrator bed and flipping through his Gideon Bible somewhere upstairs.

In deference to Merle's sartorial preferences, I'd left my beads and Roman sandals at home. One could say that I looked a bit like Porter Wagoner might have looked if he did his shopping at the Hadassah Thrift Shop.

An eerie sense of shitlicker déjà vu came over me. Like a bar in the old West, everything at that Howard Johnson's had suddenly stopped.

The empty blue soap-opera-starry-sweetheart-of-the-Safeway Southern California eyes were all upon me. Thirty-seven different flavors of ice cream were melting faster than a cold, cold heart. I was beginning to understand how and why

Merle wrote some of his songs.

Like they say in Hollywood, "Who did I have to fuck to get out of this movie?" I was wondering that rather loudly to all the roller skaters and nigger haters when a fellow stranger walked in and said, "C'mon, shut-for-brains, Merle's been waiting for over an hour for your ass." It was Tom Baker, moviemaker, troublemaker and the writer-director of the film *Life After Elton*, a rather repellent American who had already introduced me to Mickey Mantle and Andy Warhol but now had arranged this potentially tedious tête-à-tête between the right and left wings of country music.

Within five minutes, Merle knew I was no "Asshole from El Paso" and I knew he was no "Okie from Muskogee." Merle and I were willing to let Saigons be bygones. I knew I could have brought my love beads, prayer beads, or those Japanese kind of sexual beads that can be inserted slowly into bodily orifices and then pulled out faster than God makes poor folks.

In no time flat, we were passing the guitar back and forth, trading songs. He played "Every Fool Has a Rainbow" and passed me the guitar. I played "Sold American." He played "Silver Wings." I played "Ride 'Em Jewboy." He played "Sing Me Back Home." I played "I'm Proud to Be an Asshole from El Paso"—a tune ripped from his own "Okie from Muskogee" and written by myself, Chinga Chaven and Snakebite Jacobs. The chorus went: "I'm proud to be an Asshole from El Paso, a place where sweet young virgins are deflowered / You walk down the streets knee-deep in tacos and the wet-backs still get 20 cents an hour." Merle thought the song was about as funny as Buck Owens looked.

You see, Buck published "Okie" and later he tried to sue the living shit out of me when I tried to record my parody. He maintained it was harmful to the moral and religious and patriotic fiber of all young Americans—who hung out at the the Bakersfield bowling alley. I contended that Buck was a humorless, constipated prig—un-American, unmelodic and unpleasant. A fascist insect who devoured publishing companies' songs, souls, radio stations and First Amendments.

During our litigation, Buck threatened to call the FCC, the Ku Klux Klan, the Oral Roberts Crusade Singers and the Bakersfield Kiwanis Club. I threatened to call the American Civil Liberties Union, the JDL, Truman Capote and my lawyer, Sonny Corleone. Merle was rather amused by the whole thing and not at all surprised about that particular suit. He was much more surprised about the particularly repellent suit that I was wearing that evening.

Passing the guitar back and forth and swapping songs in hotel rooms has never been my long suit. Kris and Johnny Cash were always doing it. I thought that country singers passing the guitars around were about as corny as dying or falling in love. Nonetheless, Mighty Merle and I spent most of that night swapping songs, stories and unusual hobbies. I thought back on that night often and I realized among other things that it could possibly be the most meaningful spiritual experience I would ever have at a Howard Johnson's.

Merle is not ashamed of his prison experience nor is he one of those who actually spent very little time behind bars but who promote their careers more with

continued on page 77

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Willie Nile—Love songs and philosophy from a writer with an eye for visual images of the "All Along The Watchtower" variety. His music circles around the ringing guitar sound that brings Byrds, Perry and others to mind, but no matter—he's an original.

Lippe, Inc.—One man in Minneapolis (and the voice of one woman). He does it all but sing. "Funky Town" was the garbage-collection hit of the year with more variety of embellishment to a disco beat than any ten TV dinners.

Saxon—British crunch rock with a nasty bite. Heavy on the Anglo.



David A. Camar

Ronald Shannon Jackson—Leader of the Decoding Society, Jackson was Cecil Taylor's drummer, then became the power force behind Ornette Coleman's milestone *Dancing in Your Head*. Band composer/drummer Jackson is one of the greatest unrecognized musicians in the jazz world.

MUSIC

HIGH TIMES



Nantucket—Crazed, X-rated South Carolina rockers are funny enough to be dangerous and can pound it out with the best of them.

The Vapors—"Turning Japanese." If you missed that song, complain to the local FM station.



Chrysalis Records

Fabulous T Birds—Stripped-down Texas boogie band's debut record sounds like Bo Diddley, which is good enough for us.

F O R

GUIDE TO

The Jags—Flint-edged rockers who cut their teeth on the Rolling Stones and know what to do with it.



Sire Records

Undertones—Worthy of praise for their uplifting Europeanization of the Ramones and wearing lobster bibs on their last album cover. Irish to the gills but right at home with fried clams in New England. An unrecognized, expert band.

Code Blue—No category. Sorry, buddy, have to put you in the alphabetical bin under Acceptable Behavior, Unclear of Public Reaction. Can you give me just a hint?

Lamont Cranston Band—This Minneapolis-based traditional-style blues and R&B band came to national attention on Dan Aykroyd's recommendation. They should do so well as the Blues Brothers!

Last Mile Ramblers—Western swing and boppin' the blues from the most popular local band in the Southwest.

Echo and the Bunnymen—Post-new-wave British rock has its fans so confused they don't know whether to pogo or go blind. Hailed in England as a can't miss, Echo and Co. could be spokesmen for endangered species everywhere.

Joe King Carrasco—From ? and the Mysterians to the Sir Douglas Quintet, Carrasco's band is the real Tex-Mex polka-rock mix. "Party Weekend" is the anthem.



Garrett List—This classically trained composer/trombonist uses the phenomenal Al Art Band, featuring vocalist Genue Sherman, as the main vehicle for performing his compositions.

T H E

THE HOT 56



The Brains—Deviously clever rock outfit from Atlanta with a head for catchy hooks.

Krokus—Swiss heavy metal: hard rocks, no holes, funny accents, watch your local sports arena.

Cretones—The band credited with turning Linda Ronstadt new wave could just as easily be compared to the Raspberries. Their clever, articulate Beatles-influenced sound has all the elements for pop success.



Benny Mardones—Dangerously powerful vocalist rocks violently, thinks sideways and could be the Eric Burdon of the '80s.

'8 0 S

BY ROBERT SMITH

Carlene Carter—The latest member of the legendary singing Carter clan to strike gold, Carlene benefits from nice pipes, striking beauty and a boyfriend named Nick Lowe who produces her with panache and gets his great band, Rockpile, to back her up at times. Carlene's version of her stepdaddy Johnny Cash's "Ring of Fire" is enough to send "Iron Deb" Harry back to the showers.

Squeeze The great British outfit can play for their lives and write intricate story-songs that should keep them on radio playlists for a long time.

Motels—Where the hell is Anthony Perkins when we need him?

Rob Stoner—From Bob Dylan to Robert Gordon, Rockin' Rob has been blessed with the best of Northern, urban rockabilly roots and jump-city country: His MCA LP debuts one cool artist who likes to rock.



Rossington-Collins Band—Lynyrd Skynyrd fans will be glad to see the surviving members of the band together again but the real stars here are the newcomers, vocalist Dale Krantz and guitarist Barry Harwood.

continued

Michael Hurley—The great lost American songwriter is starting to be recognized for his most accessible album ever, the 1980 masterpiece *Snackgrass*. More to come . .

Holy Modal Rounders—Peter Stampfel and Steve Weber, the once and future Rounders, reunited the Rounders on Rounder records for a hysteric event.

Tazmanian Devils—Actually a fairly restrained pop-rock outfit with a future.



Johnny Copeland—One of Houston's greatest vocalist/guitarists since the '50s. Copeland's star should be in ascendance when his long awaited comeback album, *Copeland Special* (Rounder) featuring Arthur Blythe and George Adams, is released next year.

Frank Zappa—The unquestioned guru of strange ideas and unconventional music has finally reached the point where the world has caught up to him. Who knows what future oddities this maestro of weird has in store for the world?

The Who—A near-mystical Peter Townshend is leading the new, revamped Who to virgin territory. World's greatest rock band ever, showing no signs of slowing down.

Kinks—The first band in rock history to release a commercial videocassette and a live album simultaneously. Davies brothers Ray and Dave are going stronger than ever.



Joe Ely—The one and only new Hank Williams. Writes with conviction and sings with golden soul. A country artist with the grace to sing at God's table.



Raymond Rose

Byard Lancaster—A massive creative force unconcerned with hip new-wave posturings, the Philadelphia-based saxophonist has been associated with some top-notch jazz organizations over the years and may well come into his own after the 1980 classic *Documentation: The End of a Decade*

Spurzz—Ultraglitzy cowboy band currently outraging the Southeast and West with its "Cowboy Stomp." Note: These aren't your typical corral rats. Spurzz includes F. Weller of P. Revere and the Raiders and Buzz Cason, formerly of Ronnie and the Daytonas.

Delbert McClinton—How sexy can barrelhouse country rock be? Very. Delbert's got the smoothest pipes that ever drove a DeSoto; new label is his second wind.

The Beatles—The "Fab Four" is a catchy sounding group assembled by Capitol in an obvious effort to cash in on the recent popularity of the Knack. They sound better, though, which is a mark against them these days.

The Cure—They jump other people's trains but the boarding isn't boring. Nice beat, easy strain. I'll take it . .



MCA Records

Tom Petty—The new standard of conventional blues-rocking attitude, Petty is already pretty far down the line and should reach massive popularity soon. Even Muck thinks he's tasty.

Coming to Your Neighborhood Soon: Drongoes, Bongoes (Fetish Records), Los Microwaves, Swinging Madisons, Terrorists, Any Trouble, Buzz and the Flyers, Liquid Idiot.

Psycho-delic Revival: Blue Moss, Puke and the Barfbags, Philodendron, Sitting Ducks, Venus Flytraps, The Pizza Princes, Burnt Penguin, Bloodbath, Sam Balloon and the Blowers, The Fighting Slave Girls. □

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continued on page 102

Z. et al.

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Work Goes On, Prospects Dim for \$9-Billion Space Shuttle

CAPE CANAVERAL—Parade magazine reported last spring that the National Aeronautics and Space Administration (NASA) was offering "getaway special" rates for the Columbia space shuttle at \$500 a shot and that numerous celebrities were interested in taking the ride, including Robert Redford. Within days, NASA had received over 400 reservations, including a \$1,000 check from a couple who wanted to be seated next to Redford.

NASA refunded all the money, explaining that no private tickets were available. Once in production, they said, the vehicle will be leased for a flat fee of \$22.4 million per flight. Now NASA may be wishing it had kept the money.

At last report, the Columbia was due for

its first orbital test flight in 1981—just as in 1979 it was due in 1980, in '78 it was due in '79 and in '77, '78. One scientist calls this a "one year and holding" countdown. As time goes on and more and more limitations on Columbia's capabilities are revealed, the big corporations who'd been expected to support the shuttle—at \$22.4 million per shot, minimum—are becoming progressively less interested.

Technical problems with fitting the bird's all-important heat shield get the official blame for production delays. The surface of the 2,300-ton delta-wing craft will undergo temperature changes from -250° Fahrenheit in orbit to 3,000° on reentry (hotter than molten lava). When the Columbia project began under the Nixon administration in

1972, no insulating material capable of withstanding such enormous thermal changes existed, but technicians at Rockwell International—which developed Columbia under a nearly \$9-billion contract—were confident one would be developed before the proposed 1979 deadline.

At length, sometime after 1977, a lightweight heat shield consisting of a silica fiber reined from pure Minnesota river mud was decided on. Concentrating on the thermal factor, though, the NASA-Rockwell designers evidently overlooked the durability factor: "A tile that you can heat to 2,000 degrees," NASA assembly chief Kenneth Kleinknecht describes it, "and then pick up in your hand. But if you drop it or rap it with

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None but the bald: The International Congress of Bald People got underway in Belgium recently. Dressed in long, flowing robes and carrying oversized make-believe combs, the participants made their way up the streets of Verviers chanting to the crowds, "Join us, join us!" Eventually they were rounded up by police and executed.

Christina Onassis at 29: Richer, Stronger than Aristotle

ATHENS—Twenty-nine-year-old Christina Onassis has, according to the top executives of the billion-dollar Onassis shipping cartel, stepped very effectively into her deceased father's role as an international financial wizard. While most public reports about Christina dwell on her rather complicated love life—three husbands, so far, since the age of 20—the woman herself reportedly spends most of her time in her executive office here, haggling multimillion-dollar transactions through three or four telephones at once and punching out international exchange rates on her pocket computer.

Christina inherited virtually total control over the Onassis shipping line in 1975, after her father, Aristotle, and her brother, Alexander, died almost simultaneously. Aristotle's original will had ordained that Christina and Alexander should each inherit half of his assets and have equal voting powers on a board of directors comprised of themselves and 14 of Aristotle's top male cronies and henchmen in the Onassis Group. When both father and son croaked, though, Christina wound up with *all* the assets and two votes on the board, making her exceedingly influential in swing-vote situations.

Just such a situation presented itself the very week Christina took over, in fact. Just before his demise, Aristotle had ordered four new 380,000-ton supertankers from shipyards in Japan and France. It was the

opinion of Christina, and of several other Onassis Group board directors, that the newly developing oil crisis rendered investment in monster supertankers inadvisable, to say the least, while other men on the board were totally dedicated to carrying out their dead mentor's last wishes and were pointing out that tens of millions had already been sunk irretrievably into the venture.

In a candid interview with the *International Herald Tribune* recently, Onassis board treasurer Apostolos Zambas credited Christina for arranging the dumping of the 1975 supertanker deal through deft boardroom manipulation. "It was an extremely difficult and emotional decision to take only a few days after Aristotle's death," he recalled, "that the master himself had been wrong. Yet we went ahead and canceled, with Christina personally swaying the vote, eventually losing tens of millions of dollars instead of hundreds of millions."

Altogether, in response to the international shipping crisis that developed after the OPEC oil boycott, Christina in three years carved the entire Onassis fleet from 47 ships down to 39. Unlike most other shipping firms, though, the Onassis Group has increased its capital assets by 25 percent since 1975, oil crisis notwithstanding.

Early this year, in fact, Christina actually engineered the purchase of two new supertankers—the *Aristotle Onassis* and the *Alexander Onassis*—230,000 tons apiece.



Christina Onassis. Young, gifted and incredibly wealthy.

Moscow Unhealthy for Africans:

Reds Lose Body of Chad Ambassador

MOSCOW—When the Hon. Baba Hassan, the ambassador to the Soviet Union from the Republic of Chad, died of cerebral hemorrhage last summer, the state-owned Aeroflot Airways refused to take the body back to Africa without a \$15,000 freight fee. Since Hassan's bereaved survivors—three wives and 11 children, all in Moscow—were utterly destitute, a circular from Canadian ambassador Robert Ford was passed among the Moscow diplomatic community, soliciting funds "based on humanitarian considerations," and eventually the money was raised.

Presently an Aeroflot bird left for Chad with Hassan's eldest son and sister aboard, and two Canadian diplomats as a funeral entourage. When the baggage bay was checked during a stopover in Lagos, Nigeria, however, Mr. Hassan's remains were discovered absent.

A cable to Moscow alerted Chad second secretary Simon Boypa, who rushed to Sheremetyevo International Airport and found the coffin lying outside in the summer sun. Several Sheremetyevo attendants had to be handsomely tipped, says Boypa, before they'd move the box into a terminal cubbyhole.

When the news reached Ernest Langat, senior African ambassador in the USSR, all hell broke loose. Langat, of Kenya, visited the office of deputy Soviet commissioner of African affairs, Leonid Ilyichev, accompanied by delegates from Chad, Cameroon and Togo. After stiff criticism, Ilyichev promised to get Hassan's body on the next flight to Central Africa and to "punish" those responsible for the oversight.

The incident has reportedly served to greatly unsettle many African diplomats in Moscow. Beyond the routine, day-to-day racist discrimination to which urban Soviets notoriously subject Africans, rumor is rife that Hassan may have been bumped off in the hospital where he was being treated. Last year Dr. Agostinho Neto, president of Angola, died during cancer surgery in Moscow, before the operation, Neto had reportedly been seeking an accommodation

with anti-Communist forces in Angola, and when he was replaced with pro-Moscow fanatic Jose Eduardo dos Santos, speculation arose that Neto may have been greased on the operating table with malice aforethought. Since Chad, a client state of France, is rigorously anti-Communist out front, Hassan's demise in a Moscow hospital—and the incredibly tawdry treatment of the body—is viewed by Africans with deep suspicion.



Shall we gather (bare-assed) at the river. Every year thousands of hippies are doing just that at the annual Rainbow Gathering, held this year in Monongahela National Forest, West Virginia.

Prospects Dim for \$9-Billion Space Shuttle

continued from page 79
your knuckle, it breaks."

Since the shuttle will be subjected to triple-grav stress on lift off, there's a serious question how many of these shatter-prone tiles will remain when it has to try a reentry. Nevertheless, some 1,200 Rockwell technicians are continually working on the bird here, month in and month out, gluing on new tiles and replacing the older ones that get broken in the process. "The more tiles you get on," explains Kleinknecht, "the more there are to damage."

The Columbia on its pad here perpetually presents a patchwork appearance and is called "the ugly duckling" by technicians and "the world's largest jigsaw puzzle." Whenever Rockwell eventually gets them all in place—next year, maybe—flight tests may commence.

What happens after that, even if the bird proves air- and spaceworthy, is exceedingly murky. A use for Columbia, frankly, is elusive.

Originally, in the euphoria following the manned lunar landings of the early '70s, the plan had been to put up a permanent orbiting space station and use the shuttle to ser-

vice it. When it developed, though, that NASA's entire budget through the '70s would be needed to get the station aloft, it was scrapped in favor of several more diverse, less expensive projects. The Columbia shuttle was retained as the most dramatic (and costly) of these projects—though without the permanent station, the shuttle's utility is lost, to say the least.

For a good while, NASA and Rockwell were suggesting that the Columbia could very well be used to put industrial satellites in orbit for private corporations and to repair or retrieve existing satellites, and thus could turn a profit. No one bothered to point out, until recently, that the shuttle's top orbital altitude would be 600 miles, whereas industrial satellites commonly hang at 23,000 miles minimum.

To date, only one American corporation has expressed interest in using Columbia for research, and then only if NASA picks up the tab. In 1978 the Japanese conglomerate Mitsubishi contracted for regular seats, paid in advance, on the first few shuttle flights—but Mitsubishi reportedly feels as though it's already been taken for a ride.

Because once Columbia gets aloft, if it

ever does, reentry is going to be touch and go at best. Budget cuts have ordained that the bird will have three rocket engines (like the dreaded McDonnell Douglas DC-10), which will be entirely burned out on lift off. If insulation tiles tear loose on the way up, the crew will have to reinstall them in zero grav, using gas-propelled backpacks. "If you do lose a lot of tiles," speculates nominated flight commander John Young, a Navy captain, "the capability isn't going to do you any good anyway." Getting back, in that case, might be impossible.

Even if the tiles stay intact, reentry will be still scary as hell. Without auxiliary rocket power, there'll be no second-guessing once reentry's undertaken. Hitting the air at Mach 25, the bird will enjoy minimal course flexibility from jet-propulsion units and bailout will be impossible until the last couple minutes before touchdown—or impact. "You simply have to have a little faith in the engineers," allows Young.

Most tellingly, the maximum Columbia payload is only 31,500 tons. Since old-style rockets can carry 120,000 tons into orbit, private corporations are likely to go on using them and ignore Columbia forever.

Honesty Was the Wrong Policy:

Cabinet Minister's Faux Pas Blows Apartheid Scam

CAPE TOWN REPUBLIC OF SOUTH AFRICA—Hennie Smit, minister of posts and telecommunications in Prime Minister Piet Botha's cabinet, ripped a new racist move in the bud recently when he charged in open Parliament that black people have "slower thought processes" than other people and are generally "less developed."

When he expressed himself so frankly, Smit had been vigorously lobbying for a critical new proposal from the Botha camp to call a special convention to rewrite the RSA's constitution. White, East Indian, Chinese and mixed-race "colored" delegates would all have been invited to participate in the rewrite, though black delegates (who would represent by far the majority of the RSA's citizenry) would have been relegated to a strictly advisory, nonvoting council. It was when Smit was asked to explain this peculiar exclusion that he stated, for the record and with perfect conviction, that blacks are simply too congenitally stupid to participate in any democratic process.

When Smit said that, the bill's main sponsor, black affairs minister Piet Koornhof, turned chalky pale and hung his head in despair. Botha had given Koornhof the job of winning Indians, Chinese and coloreds over to the proposal—a transparent ploy to undermine the solidarity that exists between non-African oppressed minorities and the black majority in the RSA. The long-range plan was to have a new constitution written by a "multiracial" convention (the black majority being the only ethnic group not represent-

ed), which would effectively ratify the white minority's control of the critical industrial and mining centers of the country. This might have been the ultimate refinement of apartheid. The black majority, itself subdivided by law into "ethnic" tribal divisions, would be relocated onto widely dispersed and absolutely undeveloped "bantustans," and any attempt to consolidate tribes for resistance to the racist Pretoria regime would be unconstitutional.

But Smit's candid declaration of black people's genetic inferiority (a pseudoscientific conviction widely shared, though rarely publicly enunciated, by most reactionary Boers) clearly blew the whole scheme. "I know that the black man takes longer to decide on a matter than we do," he actually got out before someone managed to shut him up.

Reaction to the posts minister's driving was prompt and colorful. Chief Gatsha Buthelezi, leader of the Zulu people and currently the top nonjuded opposition leader in the RSA, merely noted that no one could possibly participate in the proposed constitutional rewrite without necessarily "being seen to be endorsing the view of us by Smit." Within 48 hours, Botha himself issued a murky worded communiqué to the effect that his cabinet minister had certainly meant something entirely different from what he'd been heard to say and recorded under sworn oath.

Smit himself, in fact, subsequently insisted that his remark "wasn't an insult. I have a very proud record on not insulting people."



White like them Once a year the students from the Kunta Kinte School of Advanced Negrology are allowed to see how the other half lives. Shown here dipped in cold cream and garbed in the traditional yarmulke and prayer shawl are (from left to right) George Washington Carver Jones, Lamar Lincoln Smith, Leroy Dupree, Frederick Douglass Brown and Sherman Williams.

he said. And for the record he "replaced" his original comments with the assertion that black people qualify as "those whose assimilation of the constitutional process is slower than most of us here."

Nordic Nudists Rattle Orthodox Observers

ATHENS—Naked German tourists now enjoy a special battalion of armed Greek police to protect them from incensed Orthodox clergy and parishioners. Last summer the National Tourist Organization here set off a special stretch of the Saladi resort beach, south of Athens, for the exclusive use of West German sun worshipers, which incited the conservative Greek clergy no end. The beach had barely been open long enough for a full-body Teutonic tan when some 1,000 Orthodox worshipers, led by bishops and senior clergy, stormed it.

"Take your orgies back to Germany!" the mob chanted at the astonished Germans. "Nudism is the devil's invention!" They began threatening physical violence before cops arrived to disperse them.

Subsequently, the National Tourist Organization, calling the Orthodox crowd "religious fanatics and hypocrites," swore not only to keep the Saladi buff beach open, but to promote more such uninhibited solaria along the sunny Aegean. To this end, the federal Ministry of Public Order has detailed a special squad of gun-wielding cops to guard the tourists from the devout. Assignment to the beach guarding detail is hotly coveted.



"Lead Coffin" Nuke Shelters Tempt Panicky Europeans


TUNBRIDGE WELLS, ENGLAND—A family of four recently spent two weeks in a nuclear-bomb shelter—not out of paranoia or as a publicity hype, but to test the safety of the shelter design for the government. A Home Office bureau kept tabs on the family throughout their "survival" fortnight and a consumer-safety report on the shelter—designed and constructed by a private firm in Twickenham—will be issued some time this fall.

A serious wave of panicky nuke-shelter building, much like the one that swept America at the height of the '50s, has swept Europe in the last year. With the Russians invading Afghanistan and the U.S. plotting God only knows what punishment for the Iranians, Europeans feel caught between the rock and a hard place. In England, so many fly-by-night entrepreneurs have gotten into the shelter-building racket that newspapers and broadcasters now refuse to advertise any nuke-shelter designs until the Home Office sets official uniform safety codes for them.

Some contractors, it seems, had been building such badly designed shelters—"lead coffins," civil-defense experts call them—that simply living in them longer than one weekend would be as lethal as sitting in a tub of heavy water. The print-and-broadcast-ban against shelters was imposed when publishers considered the prospect of a major nuke-plant disaster, *a la* Three Mile Island in the USA last year, which might send thousands scurrying to their shelters for days or weeks on end. If the shelters wound up killing more people than the nuke garbage, the advertisers would wind up with devastating liability cases.

So serious shelter designers, including Design for Defence in Twickenham and Survival Structures of Cambridge, have turned to the Swiss for guidance. Every Swiss citizen by 1990 will have access to a reinforced-concrete shelter with blast doors and emergency exits, decontamination chambers, blast-control valves and air filters. Most British private contractors are trying for adaptations of the Swiss design, which, for about \$24,000 per unit, might protect six people from a 20-megaton nuke blast two miles from ground zero.

Whether the Home Office will deem this design adequate is an open question. Europeans, by and large, entertain a slightly less-than-worst-case scenario on the prospect of nuclear war. They tend to believe that the main nuke powers—the U.S. and USSR—will spend at least a day or two nuking each other into oblivion before they begin blasting away each other's allies in Eastern and Western Europe.



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INTERNATIONAL WEIRD



Recalling Mary Ann

Mary Ann Evans, who smoked cigars, used obscene language and lived in sin with a married man for 24 years, has been accorded a plaque in staid, solemn Westminster Abbey in England. It took only 100 years, exactly, for her memory to live down the scandal that, as "George Eliot," Mary Ann not only practiced but assiduously preached free love and the wearing of trousers before her death in 1880. After ten years of heavy lobbying, though, Yale professor Gordon Haight of the George Eliot Foundation finally got her name in the Poet's Corner at the abbey.

Ms. Evans's remains, however, will remain in Highgate Cemetery in North London.

Plus le Change

Scumbag of the century award: If half of what's rumored about Gen. Hossein Fardoust, current administrator of the Iranian Revolutionary Council's secret police force, is true, the man qualifies as one of the most eminently loathsome human beings ever to draw breath. Hossein, it seems, grew up and went to school with the late Shah Mohammed Riza Pahlavi and ultimately became deputy chief of SAVAK, Pahlavi's abominable spy squad that systematically tortured, at conservative estimate, 1 out of every 20 people in Iran while the shah held power.

General Hossein, though, was clearly no fool. When it became obvious to him that the shah's level of political oppression—virtually everyone in the country had either been tortured by SAVAK goons or knew someone who'd been tortured—was bringing on an inevitable revolution, Hossein began working with the Islamic militants. For

months before the "Green Revolution," word has it, Hossein merely intensified the SAVAK torture campaigns while discreetly omitting any references to it, or the immense reaction it was causing, from his daily intelligence briefings with the shah. Since Hossein also allegedly kept the U.S. CIA or State Department from warning the Peacock Throne about it, the shah was convinced that his subjects loved him up until the minute of his enforced departure.

Meanwhile, Hossein's new fundamentalist spy apparatus, the Savama, staffed mainly by fellow ex-SAVAK professionals, is reportedly torturing away in grand old Iranian style as it deals with all sorts of dissidents: Kurds, Azerbaijanis, Baluchis, Arabs and leftist Persians.

Anapest: Threat or Menace?



Anapest may be the gravest scourge to American youth today, suggests behavioral kinesiologist Dr. John Diamond. It can, he claims, interfere with the proper transmission of brain impulses across the corpus callosum, the all important division between the right and left hemispheres of the human brain. Prolonged and chronic exposure to anapest, he claims, may result in progressive symptoms of hyperactivity among developing young people, possibly leading to an epidemic of impulsive behavior, inability to concentrate and other behavioral disorders.

Chief promoters of anapest to the nation's youth, says Diamond, are such rock groups as the Doors, Alice Cooper, Kiss, Led Zepelin and Queen. All specialize in music styles that feature anapest—an unnatural halt in the meter at the end of each musical measure.

More conventional groups like the Beatles, says Diamond, do not inflict anapest on their listeners, who may presumably escape

unscathed. It is not recorded what Dr. Diamond thinks of such other notorious anapest purveyors as Martin Luther, Jean Baptiste Lully and Johann Sebastian Bach, whose hymns and symphonies—for centuries regarded as the world's most stirring religious music—depend greatly on anapest for their emotional impact.

The Argument for Mensa-bation

"In some ways, I think the choice of physics may be unfortunate for him," fretted the father of a recent Stanford University physics graduate. "He has a name that he will probably be unlikely to live up to."

The name, to be exact, is Shockley, and the fretful father in question is William Shockley, who last year jerked off into a test tube for a California sperm bank to preserve his genes for a likelier future mate than his real-life wife. His own kids, says Shockley, "represent a very significant regression" from his own clearly superior gene pool. "My first wife—their mother—had not as high an academic-achievement standing as I had," the Nobel Prize laureate explains.

Shockley won the Nobel in 1958 for elucidating some advances in gravitational theory, and since then has resolved to his satisfaction that black human beings are mentally inferior to whites. This notion has inspired a renaissance of 19th-century eugenics, a race-purification philosophy that holds that mental "defectives" should be sterilized systematically, and mentally "superior" people should be matched with mates possessing similar mental attributes. Hence Shockley's selfless act of test-tube onanism.

It is not recorded whether any of Shockley's offspring are terrifically anxious to "live up to" his name.



War Revives Phoenecian Piracy:

Beirut's Shooting "Lull" Creates Free-Trade Zone

BEIRUT, LEBANON—The laundry lines of refugees from southern Lebanon nowadays festoon the expensive facades of the tourist hotels facing Raouche, Beirut's gorgeous seafont. The high-rise hotels look down now not on the lavishly tanned bodies of socialites from around the world, but on a full-fledged Arab bazaar, the white sands of the Raouche have been appropriated by the merchants who were bombed out of the downtown commercial center during the mid-'70s civil war between the Palestinian leftists and the right-wing Christian Phalangists. Now the beach is a literal free-trade zone, where smuggled and pirated goods from all around the Mediterranean are noisily haggled over by black-robed Lebanese grandmothers and husky young militia goons casually wearing rocket launchers and automatic weapons of every national design and trademark.

The goods under the bright striped canopies—racks of cameras, kitchen appliances, spare car parts, guns of all nations—are mainly the bounty of piracy and plunder. Shipping and harbor warehouses all around the Mediterranean, on both the European and African shores, have been under steadily increasing assault since Beirut became an open harbor, with virtually nonexistent customs regulations. Long before Homer sang the *Iliad*, this port sent out Phoenecian vessels to set up trade routes from here to England, now the trade is coming in like never before, and Lebanese merchants are richer than ever before.

"Commerce here is completely unimpeded by government," marvels an American businessman. "There are few services, but there are no restrictions either. If you can make it you can keep it, and that's a tantalizing opportunity. The force of the gun is the only limit. One big contract, one smuggled cargo, and you're set for life."

It's true, too. For the first time in recorded history, the Lebanese are actually *importing* cannabis, hashish, marijuana, bhang—any form of it.

Lebanon's 72 banks not only have survived the civil war so far, but 12 new ones have opened. At the beginning of the atrocities, in 1975, they had \$3.5 billion in deposits, now, though the core of the city has been turned into a continuous free-fire zone and some 42,000 people have been killed, Beirut's banks are worth \$5.5 billion.

Most of the money comes from other Arab states and from Israel, by way of support for the 20 private militias fighting throughout the country. Besides the Palestinians, who are bankrolled by Iraq, Syria and Iran, 17 other militias are underwritten by countries as diverse as Algeria, Saudi Arabia and the United Arab Emirates; Israel bankrolls the four Maronite Christian militias. By day, Muslim and Christian militia mingle with minimal bloodshed in the Raouche bazaar (though their snipers perpetually shoot it out in the uninhabited middle city), and at night retire to their respec-

tive turfs, Christians in the east and Muslims in the west.

Nearly every young man, and a good proportion of the women, subsist handsomely on militia pay as a supplement to their incomes. Iraqi militia members get \$250 a month, plus \$100 extra for every active battle stripe they earn. Everyone also gets uniforms and a generous selection of light and heavy ordnance: Uzis, M-16s, Kalashnikovs, rocket launchers, even tanks and half tracks. "How do you save a country," wonders Pres. Elias Sarkis, "that has more weapons than people?"

But hardly anyone here foresees any eventual solution. Sniper fire can be heard all hours of the day, bombs go off nearly every night, and tons of lethal ordnance move across the unguarded docks day and night. And this is regarded as a lull in the main action: merely feudal squabbles among rival militias within the Muslim and Christian factions, while the militia leaders squabble for dominance. The betting is that presently the National Liberal Party will dominate the Christians, and the al-Fatah will consolidate the Palestinians; then both groups will go after each other, and Beirut will be hell again.

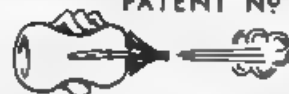
In the meantime, Beirut is Fat City for anyone with a pile of goods or dope to sell and a few friends with guns. "This is an open city," exults a North American entrepreneur. "You can do whatever you can get away with, or want to risk getting shot for."



Going her way. It'll cost you about 21,000 lire or 25 bucks American. Where else but in Italy (whose Roman Catholic church before children reach age ten maneges to twist every healthy psychosexual impulse in their young, firm, lithe, little nubile bodies) would common street whores dress up as nuns? Disgusting!

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1001 THOUGHTS ABOUT DOPE

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1 THIS IS THE 15TH YEAR THAT I HAVE BEEN in the "drug business"...the more I learn the more complicated the issue becomes...inevitably we are humbled...

Arnold J. Mandell, M.D.
Chairman, Dept. of Psychiatry
U. C., San Diego

2 A CONGRESSIONAL MEDAL OF HONOR winner said today he was "stoned" on marijuana the night he fought off two waves of Vietcong soldiers and won America's highest military honor.

AP dispatch, *New York Times*
June 22, 1971



3 AFTER I FINISHED THE WEED I WENT TO the bandstand. Everything seemed normal and I began to play as usual. I passed a stick of gage around for the others to smoke and we started a set....The first thing I noticed was that I began to hear my saxophone as though it was inside my head. All the notes came easing out of my horn like they'd already been made up, greased and stuffed into the bell, so all I had to do was blow a little and send them on their way, one right after the other, never missing, never behind time, all without an ounce of effort.

Mezz Mezzrow
Harlem 1939

4 AMERICANS NOW TAKE 17 BILLION ASPIRINS annually—77 per person. Or as William Saroyan put it: "Aspirin Is a Member of the NRA"

5 AND COMPOUND SINS WE ARE INCLINED TO By damning those we have no mind to.

6 DRUNK FOR A PENNY
Dead drunk for twopence
English tavern sign
early 19th century



7 EACH MAN HAS THE DREAM HE DESERVES.
Baudelaire

8 GRASS IS PROPLENTY



9 HOW TO OVERCOME WRITER'S BLOCK
I have observed a writer who for weeks before had been incapable of any literary

production and who was able to work for 14 hours without interruption after taking .1 gram of cocaine hydrochloride.

Sigmund Freud
August 1885

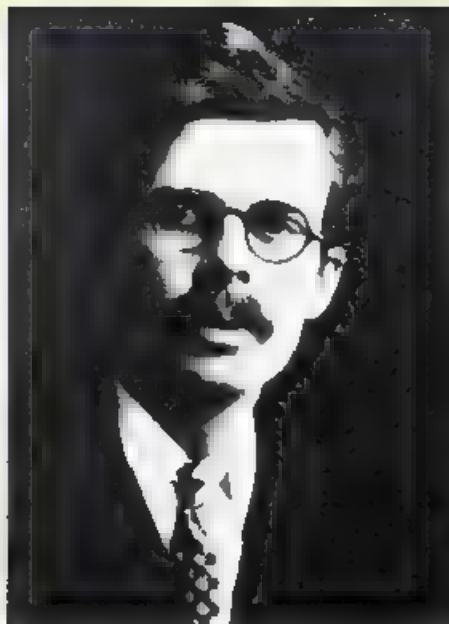


10 I SUDDENLY FOUND MYSELF AT THE foot of the Great Pyramid...and saw that it was built, not of limestone, but of huge square plugs of Cavendish tobacco.

Bayard Taylor, 1855

11 IN ADDITION TO ALCOHOL THE PR-mordial Bohemians of Paris in the 1840s used coffee. They drank vast quantities of this stimulant, were preoccupied with coffee and suffered coffee as well as alcohol hangovers. Respectable citizens of that era were as horrified by the Bohemian coffee cult as today's respectable citizens are horrified by marijuana smoking. Eminent scientists, it will be recalled, echoed this horror, for it was at the height of the Bohemian coffee cult that the public was being warned: "The sufferer [from coffee addiction] is tremulous and loses his self command, he is subject to fits of agitation and depression. He loses color and has a haggard appearance....As with other such agents, a renewed dose of the poison gives temporary relief, but at the cost of future misery" (Dr. T.C. Allbutt, 1909)

E.M. Brecher
Legal and Illegal Drugs, 1972



12 IS IT POSSIBLE FOR A POWERFUL DRUG to be completely harmless? Perhaps not. But the physiological cost can certainly be reduced to the point where it becomes negligible. There are powerful mind changers which do their work without damaging the taker's psychological organism and without inciting him to behave like a criminal or lunatic. Biochemistry and pharmacology are just getting into their stride. Within a few years there will probably be dozens of powerful but—physiologically and socially speaking—very inexpensive mind changers on the market.

Aldous Huxley
Drugs That Shape Mens Minds, 1958



13 'MAN COMES FROM DUST AND ENDS IN dust' [Holy Day Musaf prayer]—and in between, let's have a drink
Yiddish proverb

14 PARTICULATE MATTER ANALYSES indicate that naphthalenes benz(a)anthracene, and benzo(a)pyrene are present in marijuana smoke in amounts 50 to 100 percent greater than in tobacco smoke. Equal amounts of nitrosamines are found. These substances are all carcinogens or co-carcinogens.

Sidney Cohen, M.D.
Abuse and Alcoholism Newsletter
January 1980

15 SEX IS FUN
Pot is fun
Is what you're doing fun?

16 SHIT IN AN ASHTRAY WILL NOT PREVENT smoking.
Leonard Cohen



17 SINGING IS BETTER THAN ANY DOPE.
Janis Joplin, 1970

18 SOME THEORISTS HAVE EVEN SUGGESTED that addicts shoot heroin in order to achieve withdrawal distress—a distress that can then be pleasantly relieved by the next fix.

19 SOMETIMES I FEEL LIKE GIVING UP, IT IS no use to fight problems. Last year when I was in the 5th grade I tried to take the needle from some older kids who were shooting it in the schoolyard. I really felt that anything, even dying, was better than being here in this life.

Lower East Side
Puerto Rican child
New York Times, April 9, 1971

20 THE HEAVENS ABOVE DO NOT EQUAL one half of me.
Have I been drinking soma?
Rig Veda, XII.9, 2-9

21 THE SWAY OF ALCOHOL OVER MANKIND is unquestionably due to its power to stimulate the mystical faculties in human nature, usually crushed to earth by the cold facts and dry criticism of the sober hour. Sobriety diminishes, discriminates and says no. Drunkenness expands, unites and says yes... To the poor and unlettered it stands in the place of symphony concerts and literature; and it is part of the deeper mystery and tragedy of life that whiffs and gleams of something that we immediately recognize as excellent should be vouch-

safed to so many of us only through the fleeting earlier phases of what, in its totality, is so degrading a poison

William James
The Varieties of Religious Experience
1902

22 WHERE DO PEOPLE GET THE IDEA WE have to push grass? I have to turn guys away

New York Times
February 17, 1971



23 THE TRAGEDY OF DRUGS IS THAT NONE of us have a blueprint of our bodies. You smoke, you snort, God only knows the result. They should make a machine, like at the airports, that says "too much, not enough..."

Bill Graham 1980



24 YOU SHOULD BE ABLE TO ENTER THAT drugged dream world without the drug. Because to make an effort and enter the world makes you stronger, to enter it by means of a drug makes you weaker.

Anna's Nin

25 THE SOBER SOT IS ALL MEN'S LOATHING, A worthless Muckworm, good for nothing.

A spy upon his neighbor's Vices
A wretch that ev'ryone despises.

Ned Ward, circa 1700

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Abbie Hoffman: Please get in touch with the TAP (formerly YIPL) office. TAP, Room 603, 147 W. 42nd St., NYC 10036.

Prisoner seeks friendship! Leonard Singleton #144386, Box 45699, Lucasville, OH 45699.

25-year-old male inmate without family wishes to correspond with other readers of HIGH TIMES. I will answer all letters. Thank you! JESSE BOND, JR. 12327, P.O. Box 607-NSP, Carson City, NV 89701.

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Getting Off.



Don't be afraid to tell the cop you do not consent to a search. Your privacy is a thousand times more important than a cop's curiosity.

by Michael Stepanian

Please look at the end of this column before reading further.

Now did you, dear reader, voluntarily and intelligently move your eyes and mind, or did you submit to my authority? Is the first sentence of this column a *request* or an *order*? This is the issue concerning consent.

Cops need a warrant to enter your home to search or make an arrest. But the most effective law-enforcement tactic the cops have is tricking you into giving consent to let them look inside your home, your handbag, the trunk of your car. Once you give your consent, anything the police see in "plain sight" is subject to seizure. Police are *not* obliged to say you have the right to withhold consent, so it's up to you to protect your rights.

Cops are trained to elicit a consent from citizens. In the moment of confrontation, even people who know their rights tend to get uptight and give in to a search. Many times when the beat asks, "What's in the closet?", people are afraid to say it's theirs because they don't want to admit they have control of the premises. But you'd best say "Don't search" to be

protected. Don't fall for the cops' stock tricks: sweet talk, promises of leniency, threats to get search warrants, insinuations that you must be doing something wrong. Don't be afraid to tell the cop you do not consent to a search. Your right to privacy is a thousand times more important than a cop's curiosity.

Parents can consent to a search of their child's toolbox. Roommates can consent to a search of common areas. In many states you can be stoned or drunk and still give a valid consent. Weird, but that's the law. It comes down to whether the government meets the burden of proof regarding the voluntariness of the consent. But the preponderance of evidence might be different in Louisiana than in New York. It is up to the client and lawyer to get right into the action regarding any rights infringement.

In court, unless you have mucho witnesses, the judges tend to believe the heat, no matter how absurd it may have been to consent. Interestingly enough, the more obnoxious clients I've represented come off much better in convincing the judge that they wouldn't give consent to that asshole if their life depended on it.

Many times a so-called investigation is merely a pretext to search by using the consent as a vehicle to intrude or sneak a peek within. So if there is a knock on your door during a party, step outside and close the door behind you before speaking with them.

No one is immune. Paul Halvonik, one of California's greatest judges, is an example. His wife, a lawyer, reported a burglary. The cops came into his home to look around, and, lo and behold, they saw pot plants. A week later, they came back with a warrant. Paul and his wife were busted, convicted of cultivation, he gave up his judgeship. Set search-and-seizure law in California back 20 years. Cops would rather root out drugs than find robbers and rapists, so when you report theft you'd better clean up. To the cops, an arrest is an arrest.

The Supreme Court recently gave the government more ammo to set up the people when it sanctioned the practice of hassling people in airports if they fit a drug courier's "profile." This is a confrontation tactic that leads to search by intimidation. Knowing your rights is the way out.

(Fell for it, didn't you?) ☐

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Sounds.



New Yorker Film

Rockers

Original Soundtrack
Mango MLPS-9587

Had director Vittorio De Sica spent his formative years smoking ganja in Jamaica rather than surviving fascism and war in Italy, his neorealist classic, *The Bicycle Thief*, would probably have closely resembled *Rockers*. Both films have the same basic story: A man living in a desperately poor urban slum obtains a two-wheeled vehicle in order to gain employment, the bike (motorcycle in *Rockers*) is stolen and the man and his family face the disaster of humiliating poverty.

But despite the similar plots, *The Bicycle Thief* was a grim, dispiriting film while *Rockers* is an all-singing, all-skanking, all-color reggae extravaganza. And despite the fact that it's basically a Rastafarian morality play, *Rockers* is also an uproarious comedy with elements of the Bowery Boys and Fibber McGee and Molly.

The central character is one Leroy "Horsemouth" Wallace playing himself (as do all but a few minor characters). Horsemouth is a reknowned reggae drummer, having played on some of the best-known records to come out of Jamaica, especially those of Burning Spear. In America, musicians of the stature of Horsemouth, Spear and the late Jacob "Killer" Miller live a life of big bucks, fast cars and expensive drugs. But in *Rockers* and in real-life Jamaica almost all reggae recording stars live in destitution.

That these accomplished musicians seem not to greatly resent their poverty stems from two factors: the enormous amounts of highly potent herbs they consume throughout their waking hours and their Rastafarian belief that the oppressed, if they retain their righteousness and patience, will eventually be redeemed in triumph over their oppressors.

That's exactly what happens in *Rockers*. Horsemouth is humiliated and ripped off by upper-class gangsters. He learns the virtues of patience, and in the end he and his Rasta buddies royally screw the gangsters and lavish the villains' possessions on the slum dwellers of Kingston.

The soundtrack album of *Rockers* is a compilation of 12 previously released cuts and two created for the film. Some of Jamaica's star solo vocalists are to be heard here: Gregory Isaacs, Junior Byles and Junior Murvin. The late, great Jacob Miller sings on two cuts including his classic "Tenement Yard" and "We Are Rockers" with Inner Circle. Bob Marley is missing but the other two original Wailers are on the album: Bunny Wailer with the film's theme and Peter Tosh with "Stepping Razor."

Each side is graced with a cut by a great vocal group; the Heptones do "Book of Rules" while Third World's "Satta Amasagana" is the second part of a clever, two-cut segue. Although most of the album's cuts are by

Kingstonians, the North Coast is represented by Saint Ann's Burning Spear and Justin Hines from nearby Steertown. The album is rounded out by a group effort from the Maytones, some "cultural rockers" music by Kiddus I and on the Mango release, an instrumental by the Rockers All-Stars. This group is comprised of a hot rhythm section behind horn players Herman Marquis, Bobby Ellis, Tommy McCook and Dirty Harry, one or more of whom can be heard on virtually every reggae record ever made.

—Andy Boehm and Rick Murphy

Foghat

Tight Shoes

Beatsville BHS 6999

The personnel may be the same, but *Tight Shoes* contains a novel mix of Rockpile-like pub rock ("Too Late the Hero"), hook laden heavy metal ("Loose Ends"), Bare Trees-inspired FM fare ("Baby Can I Change Your Mind"), distinctly original rockers ("Full Time Lover") and even a tightly written soul ballad ("No Hard Feelings").

The reason for the new ground broken with *Tight Shoes* is simple: Dave Peverett, Roger Earl, Craig MacGregor and Rod Price have been living in or around their home studio for two full years, so they've had ample time to experiment and eliminate the structural redundancies that sometimes plagued their older songs. It's been their last chance to do so. Lead guitarist Price has decided to leave Foghat, and *Tight Shoes* is the last studio LP the veteran quartet will ever make in its most successful lineup (*Foghat Live*, *Stone Blue*).

Tight Shoes anticipates what Foghat will sound like without Rod Price, since the songwriting burden and many of the guitar responsibilities will fall into Peverett's hands just as they do here. But judging from these eight songs, Lonesome Dave has the tunesmith's chops, even the newfound lyrical acumen (as in "No Hard Feelings") to help keep the group on its sneaker-clad feet for a few more rocking seasons. That's hardly a bleak outlook for a band whose members have been around so long they're old enough to be Def Leppard's dads.

—Richard Hogan

Notes

No Fright, Live Wire (A&M SP 4814). A mature and tight English hybrid of Brinsley Schwarz, Dire Straits and Tom Waits, *Live Wire* are Eric Clapton's latest protégés. Yes, they got a slide guitar. Gravel-throated Mike Edwards's boozy style fits neatly into the Derek mold so many Clapton followers have riffed off since the *Dominoes*.



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reinvention of casual fire. Not music for the time capsule, but for sure the kind of group you'd love to have play at your wedding or Bar Mitzvah. (Bruised Mailman)

Emotional Rescue, The Rolling Stones (Rolling Stones COC 16015). Ever since the semireurgence of Stones enthusiasm following the release of the not slightly stoney *Some Girls*, Mick and the boys have decided to slob their way to the top. Call it loose, ragged, raw and funky; it spelled success as far back as their patchwork masterpiece, *Exile on Main Street*.

Like *Some Girls*, *Rescue* lazies its way to victory. Call it the ultimate conceit, but the gut communication of this rock verity hangs loose and in so doing helps the band approach the believableness they so dramatically lost over the course of the '70s. At least they know what they're doing and why they're doing it, something you surely couldn't say about the *It's Only Rock 'n' Roll/Black 'n' Blue* period. (B.M.)

The Shining: Original Soundtrack (Warner Bros. HS 3449). At least it's shorter than the movie. And scarier. (B.M.)

Entertainment, Gang of Four (Warner Bros. BSK 3446). This is fucking incredible. Lyrically taking up where TRB left off and supplementing same with new music that blasts the cobwebs off today's tired old r'n'r; the Four have produced an attack on the blandness and sickness of modern society that deserves to be remembered as a milestone in the history of communications. Forged in the industrial north of England, their blunt approach stuns the listener into surrender.

From the opening cut, "Ether," the eardrums are assaulted with the Four's uncompromising stance. "5:45" is their ultimate statement on a sick society: "Watch new blood on the 18-inch screen/the corpse is a new personality." All this, and rock recorder too. Save your cynicism 'til you've heard it. The Gang of Four back up their words with actions, especially in support of women, having played several Rock Against Sexism and Rock Against Racism benefits, including the RAR truck on the proabortion march in London last October. Listen to this album at least twice. (Tony Smart)

Infinity Multiplies, Yellow Magic Orchestra (A&M SP 4813). From the land of the rising sun, Devo meets Todd Rundgren. Ahh-keeno-teto-san, San Francisco here we come! (B.M.)

Patriotic Duty, Rob Stoner (MCA 5818). Stoner came fresh from his stint as musical director of Bob Dylan's bands from *Desire* through *Live at Budokan* and put together a solo group to play his own music. Since then Stoner has turned down dozens of session offers to write and record the music on this album, a well-turned revision of the early rock of the '50s that Stoner cut his teeth on. When it's suddenly fashionable to ape the vital yet one-dimensional aspect of '50s rock—rockabilly—Stoner takes us through the field, handling straight-out rock 'n' roll ("Stone Cold Broke," "What Round Is This," "Long Legged Girl,"), R&B ballads ("Hotel 1-2-3"), swing adaptations ("Choo-Choo-Choo"), Buddy Holly-style rockabilly ("Your Own Heartbeat") and even novelty-genre tunes ("I Came, I Saw, I Left"). Through it all Stoner smacks these stripped-down tracks with his precision bass playing and his ancient rhythm ax, a Fender Esquire, which is an old budget-model Telecaster with a single pickup. Stoner's storytelling ability and sense of humor charge this set with authentic rock 'n' roll conviction—the kind they used to have before the "roll" got left behind. (John Swenson) □

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Books.

**The Wondrous Mushroom:
Mycelium in Mesoamerica**
by R. Gordon Wasson
New York: McGraw Hill
\$125

That's right, this book costs \$125 in the edition on the racks right now. Makes for a thoughtful and touching Christmas gift, supposing there's someone on your list whom you want to keep in your debt at least until next Christmas. Very appropriate to the season, y'know, for knowledgeable counterculture people; it was Wasson's seminal research in *Soma, Divine Mushroom of Immortality* (1969) that established conclusively that Santa Claus, big and fat in his red and white outfit, is a veritable pre-Christian collective religious archetype for *Amanita muscaria*, the big, fat, red-and-white dappled magic mushroom that we in the northern hemisphere have been doing ceremonially since the Stone Age.

This kind of disclosure, at \$125 a shot, might descend on one with all the impact of a religious revelation. In fact, this new Wasson book, about historical use of magic mushrooms in Central America, is fraught every few pages with equally profound meditations. *Amanita*, for instance, is called "lightning begotten" in not only North European folklore but also in Mesoamerican languages; in both areas, *Amanita* also has several familiar nicknames identical to *toad* and *vagina*, and art relics that creatively combine these three particular associations—'shroom, toad and vulva—are found in Aztec stone carvings, Lapp poetry and the paintings of Hieronymus Bosch. The worship of deified mushrooms—mycolatry—is clearly something that far predated the last Ice Age, more than 200,000 years ago, and this ancient mystery faith may still today be practiced in Siberia and the mountains of Mexico. Hence this magnificent \$125 first edition of Dr. Wasson's new mushroom book. He's discovered something infinitely older than God, as we know God.

The particular holy mushrooms—*teonanacatl*—of Central America are psilocybin, of course, not *Amanita*. It was Wasson and his wife Valentina who brought psilocybin back into history in the '50s when they uncovered a backwoods Mexican Indian *cuandero* (she-shaman) named Maria Sabina and ceremonially



The mighty Amanita muscaria relaxing with some friends.

tripped with her. The Wassons were closely followed by sensation-seeking journalists and Yankee hippies, and now Maria Sabina, in her 80s, blames Wasson for forever taking the real magic out of the mushrooms—just as a camera takes the soul out of a bushman. Wasson, honestly grieved, can only point out that he at least got there before roads and televisions and tourist hotels: "The point is not if it was right or wrong, but that it was inevitable."

In fact, it was no less than miraculous, historically, that the Wassons, uniquely well disposed for the part, should discover the ancient psilocybin mysteries of Mexico before any doctrinaire academic anthropologists or, worse yet, Mexican narcs. Anthropologists before Wasson simply didn't believe that magic mushrooms had ever existed in Mexico; and even if they'd found Maria Sabina, it's highly unlikely any would have had the brains or the background to painstakingly trace the evidence, as Wasson does here, that the *cuandero's* Mazatec trance-chants are derived directly from the same Nahuatl odes and psalms that were uttered by the high priests of Montezuma II, whom Hernando Cortes unthroned in 1521. Maria Sabina's ceremonial liturgy is considerably contaminated with Roman Catholic artifacts, and she issues prophecy in the name of the Christ Jesus, even had any anthropologists been prepared to trip with her, it's not likely they would have been moved, like Wasson, to carve through the modern Catholic trappings to the prequest mystery core.

This Wasson does superbly, marshaling evidence from literature, art and hallucinogenic botany to make his case that right on the edge of certain extinction, the ancient mystery faith of *teonanacatl* was recovered and revived for the entire world. Wasson

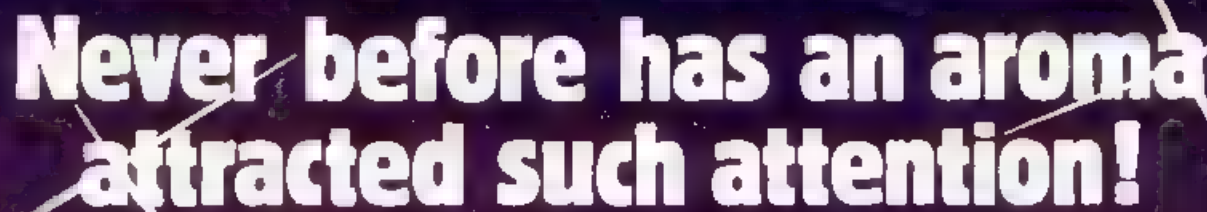
doesn't like seeing people "abuse" psilocybin any more than Maria Sabina does, to be sure, but historically this was also just as inevitable as oil spills in the Gulf of Mexico—and infinitely more positive, I'll bet, in the long run.

If you're into reading trip scripts, Wasson's are superb—much more sensuous and intimately descriptive than Dr. Albert Hoffman's, for example, though not quite as intellectually concise or witty—though they do make psilocybin sound pretty extravagantly powerful. He had a pretty heavy set and setting, with Maria Sabina and all; nobody I know ever got this far out on psilocybin, but most of us had "abused" acid and hash beforehand and our expectations were conditioned by these "stranger" hallucinogens.

This said, you might as well wait until *The Wondrous Mushroom* comes out in softback at \$16.95 in a few months. This book, actually divinely inspired, magically links us with ancient people and ancient mysteries, and we need that now. But like any revelatory document, it oughtn't to be swallowed whole as the gospel truth. Dr. Wasson does appear to go considerably out of his way, for instance, to ennoble the Aztecs under Montezuma and his forebears; he seems to want to believe that the scores of thousands of humans the Aztecs sacrificed each year in Tenochtitlán were happy to be ceremonially murdered—and most significantly, he doesn't mention the wholesale cannibalism that succeeded the wholesale sacrifices.

Magic mushrooms may make you more whole, no doubt about it—but it doesn't necessarily follow that they're going to make you a better person. This is a distinction that may be considerably heavier than the imaginary dichotomy between drug "use" and "abuse."

—Dean Litman □



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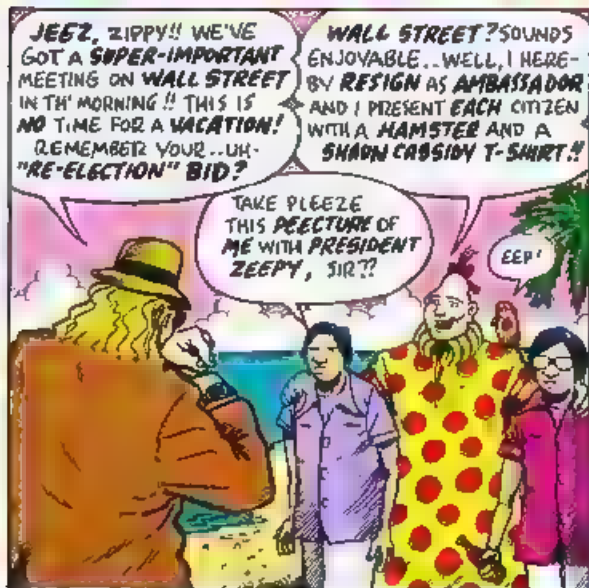
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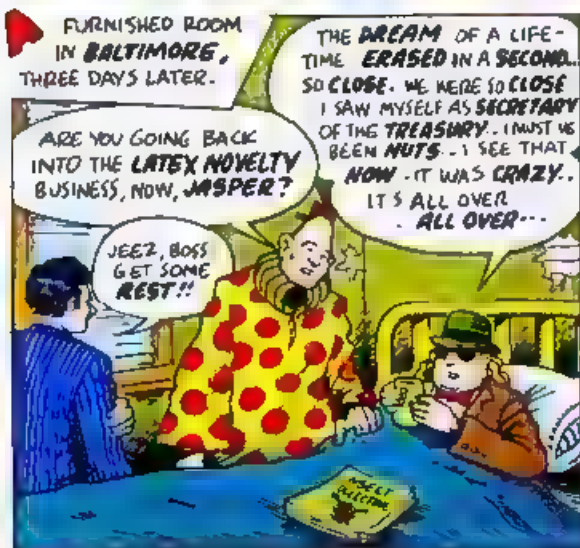
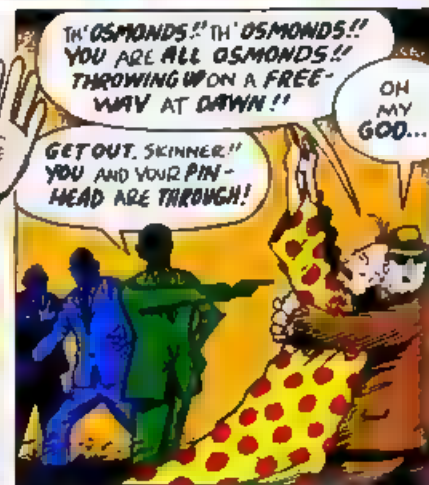
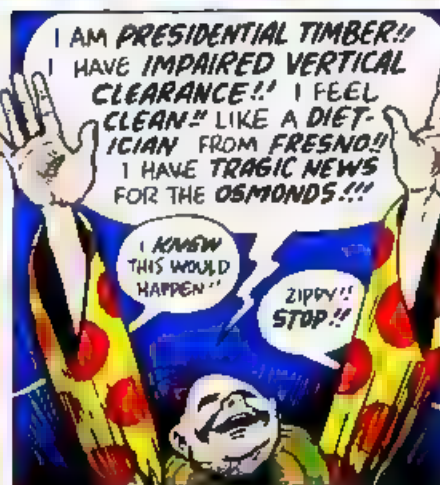
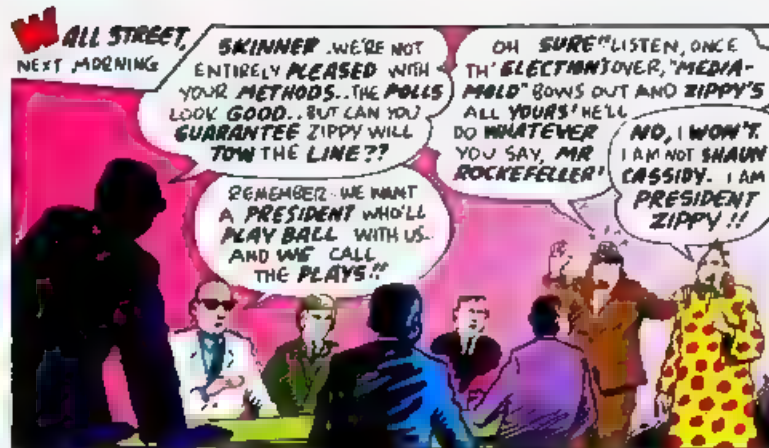
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QUEST: CAN A PINHEAD REACH TH' PINNACLE?

Interview: Johnny Lydon

continued from page 43

Lydon: No. That's so boring. Oh God! What in earth do they got in mind with that rag? That's showing its age.

High Times: Do you think people will rely upon drugs and sex more as we approach impending nuclear war?

Lydon: When I get my seven-minute warning, I'm going to go pretty over the top, I think. Do it all in one glorious swoop. Everything all at once. I have the supply ready here, put that way.

High Times: What's your favorite day or night?

Lydon: Monday morning. I watch others go to work.

High Times: Do you think you'll always want to live in England?

Lydon: Yeah.

High Times: Does your family live in London?

Lydon: I've got family in England, Ireland and Canada.

High Times: Are you close with your family?

Lydon: Umhmm. There's three others. All boys. They are all younger.

High Times: Oh, you're the first one?

Lydon: [Whispers] Yes. I was the experiment. Then they decided to have

another one.

High Times: Do you want to have children at some time?

Lydon: No, definitely not.

High Times: Why not?

Lydon: One of me is quite enough.

High Times: Can you envision yourself as an old man?

Lydon: No. I can't conceive myself being old.

High Times: No old age and no progeny.

Lydon: What?

High Times: Children.

Lydon: No. Well, I'm happy. I wouldn't wish it on anyone else. I couldn't cope with kids. It would drive me nuts. I'm totally irresponsible. Me as daddy. I'd be rotten.

High Times: I don't believe that.

Lydon: I'd like to get married to Dolly Parton, though. Maybe I'd consider it then. "Dolly Rotten?" God! What a glorious name.

High Times: Were you religious?

Lydon: No.

High Times: But you were raised Catholic?

Lydon: Yeah, that's enough to make you not religious.

High Times: But you know what they say about Catholic boys: always an altar boy.

Lydon: I never thought of that. I was almost an altar boy when I was young. But the priest who wanted me died. Definitely an act of God.

High Times: How did you feel about getting scooped up by the National Front a few years ago?

Lydon: Scooped up! They hate me. They always did. Right from the start. Yes, right from the very beginning. The National Front, just after *Anarchy* was recorded, had their magazine, *Spearhead*, with its front page a picture of a gorilla and underneath written "Johnny Rotten—the White Nigger." That's their opinion of me and they can go shove themselves.

High Times: Did you ever receive any phone threats from them?

Lydon: Oh yeah, lots. But if people mean to do you harm, they don't let you know about it first.

High Times: How do you stay sane?

Lydon: I drink permanently.

High Times: Is that the only way?

Lydon: It lets me stay asleep alot. What's wrong with being asleep on and off? I suppose there's not too much to get up for, is there?

High Times: Do you get a lot of groupies?

Lydon: No. No one wants to know us. If we do get any, they're fat and ugly. We get a lot of loonies: lunatics and dangerous people. Like one who commits suicide in your presence.

High Times: Has anyone ever done that?

Lydon: Tried to.

High Times: What did you do?

Lydon: Push them out the front door. "Don't do it here. Away!"

High Times: One last question: Do you have any advice for our world leaders?

Lydon: Drop dead! Move over! □

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Space for this message contributed by publisher

New Wave

continued from page 59

of *New West Magazine* that he dresses to scare people. His girlfriend, X's singer Exene, said that her idea of being well dressed is that wherever you walk, people laugh at you.

When the general public thinks of new wave it generally thinks of futuristic looks—naugahyde jump suits, zippers, blue hair. But the fashion futurists are a new-wave minority and the fashions generally sell to workers going new wave for the weekend. Certified, card-carrying new wavers are more likely to dress out of a thrift shop, but with a certain elegance. Fifties and early '60s suits and coats are far more comfortable, well cut and well made than the latest thing. And there's no unsightly polyester. Today's new-wave male may dress not unlike Clark Kent or Fred MacMurray. You're comfortable, handsome and, as most nouveau wavers are always producing something, dressing analogously to a businessman has certain advantages. One is not confused with the messenger service by receptionists.

Of course the trends still come and go. The B-52s, a great dance band from Athens, Georgia, revived mod by outrageous way of Athens, Georgia. In its day mod was pop, op and sexy too. It was futuristic. But in the '50s and '60s the future was looking better. The old future was so much more fun.

Mod has swept London recently, provoking a crisis in the land of punk. The English rock press places an enormous emphasis on dress. It's political. Mod, they say, is reactionary. Bands are raked over the coals for their styles. Blondie was savaged by the British rock press on their latest English tour because band members were dressed in clashing aesthetics.

That's one reason I'm glad there's really no new wave. I'm sticking with the natural shoulder look myself. Let 'em think I'm William Buckley.

New Wave Conquers the World

There is no new wave. But if there were, there would be new-wave fashion, new-wave artists, new-wave restaurants, new-wave neighborhoods, new-wave candidates, new-wave parents, new-wave charities, new-wave assholes and more.

New-wave, as we have seen, is above all a prefix. It's a label. It may imply a certain quality, but I know bad new wave when I see it. If there were a new wave, there could be new-wave almost anything. Of course not everything or everyone can be new wave. Some people just are new wave. They were born that way. Others have to go new wave. They have a new-wave makeover.

Perhaps you, too, can be new-wave. Just think of your entire person as a *work of art*. How does that feel? Maybe you should start with the hair. □

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The Real Urban Cowboy

continued from page 77

in the seat. I tried to signal the usher, partly because I thought the movie sucked. Scientological bog water and partly because I had to urinate like a racehorse. The usher, I later learned, had locked himself in the cry-room and was watchin' "Dallas" on a portable TV trying to find out who shot J.R.

"My personal theory," I told him, "is that it was either Sirhan Sirhan or Jack Ruby. But whoever did it," I added, "I feel certain that he didn't act alone." Of course, I thought as I left the theater, it could have just been one of these fucked-up Scientologists. Then again, it could have been Buck Owens.

I think the look is better than the movie. Every Negro coke dealer and every fagola hairdresser in New York City is wearing brontosaurus foreskin boots and cowboy hats. Some listen to Olivia Neutron Bomb, who WHN, New York's only alleged country station, plays every seven minutes. And, of course, some would trade all their Lone Stars for one single Perrier.

I don't think the urban cowboy is just passing through. He's a modern mosaic—Hollywood cowboy, drugstore cowboy, midnight cowboy, outlaw. Who is this metaphysical masked man? This legendary what's-his-name riding off into the sunset on his horse with no legs, swinging his neon lariat?

Here's to you, Lash LaRue, you never moved to Malibu. And Spade Cooley and Lefty Frizzell and Tom Mix and George Jones—they live in our hearts—let the Oak Ridge Boys live on the charts.

The urban cowboy may like Kenny Rogers and Linda Ronstadt more than Hank Williams. But times and trends and program directors change. Four years ago Kenny Rogers was broke; he put on his cowboy hat and now he's fartin' through sulk. John Wayne won his first Oscar when he played a guy with an eye patch in *True Grit*. He said, "Hell, if I'd known that, I'd have put on that damn eye patch 54 movies ago."

The movies are reflecting the ecological movement to Save the Cowboy: Willie Nelson's *Honeysuckle Rose*, *Coal Miner's Daughter* with Levon Helm making a brilliant debut. (Levon belongs to the John Wayne School of Acting and the Hank Williams School of Music.) The movies now reflect the country instead of the other way around.

I performed on the Grand Ol' Opry stage long after Hank Williams's teardrops had dried. He was a cowboy, too, and he was never afraid to cry. Loneliness knows no time and no geography. It was only a few years ago that the Grand Ol' Opry received a fan letter from someone in Japan. The writer said he had collected

continued on page 104

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The Real Urban Cowboy

continued from page 102

many American country albums. Country-
western was his favorite music, and
anytime a country star came to Japan he
had always tried to see the show.

"P.S." he had written, "When will Mr.
Hank Williams come to play here?"

As for me, I'm finally able to see the
green at the end of the tunnel. This fall a
film on professional hockey (which I
starred in and for which I wrote the score)
will be released. The movie and title song
are called "Skatin' on Thin Ice." I also
played my first dramatic role in a monster
movie called *Easter Sunday—The
Resurrection of a Nightmare*, in which I
play a Mormon fanatic who gets killed by
a creature with a rather long tongue. I've
been included in a book of the 200 most
eligible bachelors in Texas, called *The
Greatest Little Bachelor Book in Texas*.

And I'm threatening soon to record an
album, having been on the Brooks
Brothers label for about four years now.
It'll be country with a conscience: urban
country with the simple comfort and
freedom that's forever existed in the life
and music of the cowboy. "There ain't no
home on the range" as the song goes, but
there's always cowboys, guitars and
blankets under the stars—if only in the
Gilley's of the mind.

Believe it or not, I believe in the urban
cowboy. (Not the fluck, not the trend, not
even the high rodeo drag.) But in his wild
innocence, his restless spirit and his dusty
dreams. Is he for real?

The urban cowboy may just be as real
as a ghost rider in the American Dream.
Of course, I believe in ghosts and
American Dreams. A sure sign of success:
The dressing room after the show was
crowded with fans, celebs, shirt-tail
cousins, groupies and purveyors of
Peruvian marching powder. In the corner,
an L.A. coke dealer, a Georgia faith healer,
a boy scout and a junked-out Joan of Arc
were freebasing and rolling a couple
Marlboro Lights. Now I got a million
friends but I'll always remember what
George M. Jones once told me: "You can
pick your friends and you can pick your
nose but you can't wipe your friends off on
your saddle."

Now if you're too New York for Texas, too
Texas for L.A.

If you been chasin' trends like rainbow ends
but you're always just a song away,

And if the White House wouldn't have you,
play in every little honky-tonk and bar

You see, the good Lord made the heavens—but
He never made a star.

No, it's the People Who Read People
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It's the soap-opera lovers, it's the hometown
bowling team,

It's everybody everywhere who's ever lost a
dream,

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Last Words.

They Danced Their Little Hearts Out in 1237 A.D.

by John A. Keel

First, lift your left foot as high as it will go...and hold it there. Now raise your right foot until it is parallel to the left one. If you descend rapidly to an uncomfortable position on your rotund posterior, you have failed the test. But if you remain suspended in midair you may have an even worse problem. You are levitating, an act that is against the law in 32 countries, and you may be suffering from chorea, a dread disease that swept from Turkey to Ireland in medieval times, killing thousands and turning entire continents into huge outdoor discos. Known as the dancing mania, chorea caused more spirited toe-tapping than tight shoes at a convention of flamenco dancers.

For some unknown reason, the dancing mania seemed to follow epidemics of the black plague. A three-year epidemic in 1005-1008 A.D. wiped out an estimated one-half of the entire human race! (And you've been worrying about the possibility that a paltry little atom bomb might drop down your chimney!) A few years later, in 1027, the first known attack of dancing mania gripped England and most of Europe, mainly affecting children under the age of ten. Mobs of youngsters fled their homes and parents to gather in the streets, form circles and dance their little hearts out until they fell from exhaustion or dropped dead. Adults gathered to watch in horror as the children pranced and screamed, glassy eyed, motivated not by music but by some strange compulsion. The next major outbreak took place in the year 1237 in Egypt. Again, the chief victims were small children, doing the cosmic two-step after another cruel wave of the plague in far-off Europe.

Perhaps the most famous case of dancing mania occurred in Germany in 1284. The children of Hamelin waltzed and wriggled their way into the countryside, never to be seen again. This true incident inspired the folk tale of the Pied Piper of Hamelin and every year the people of that town still hold a festival in honor of the lost children.

Around 1335, the worst epidemic of the plague covered the globe and killed over three-fourths of the human race. As if this rampage wasn't enough, when it was all over the survivors went looking for scapegoats. They settled upon the Jews and witches, and during the next two centuries no fewer than seven million people were tortured and burned at the stake. Simultaneously with



Painting by Eugène Delacroix

this murderous insanity, another great epidemic of the dancing mania spread from Greece to France. Now people of all ages were affected. They swarmed into the streets of the old cities to clasp hands and dance uncontrolled for days, sometimes for weeks, without food—even without going to the bathroom. Peasants abandoned their plows and headed for the village squares. Merchants closed their stores. Servants deserted their masters. The author Plater claimed he saw a woman in Basel who danced without pause for an entire month. The cities where the mania struck were quickly reduced to ruins. And, as if things weren't rotten enough, the records of the period make cryptic references to mysterious "aerial phenomena"—weird lights in the sky, haunting the atmosphere, accompanied by eerie noises and rumbles. Those outdoor discos had their own peculiar light shows!

Those people who had the ill luck to live through the plagues and the wild orgies of dancing reported experiencing frightening hallucinations. Some thought they were immersed in a sea of blood and their high-stepping antics were a frantic effort to leap out of it. Others underwent religious visions, seeing angels, the Virgin Mary and strange demonic entities.

Since most countries were isolated and communications were slow during the Dark Ages, the dancing mania was known by many names in many languages. To some it was Saint Vitus's dance. The medical men of the day called it *choromania* or *orchestromania*. In the Middle East it was called *tarantism*, because it was supposedly induced by the bite of a tarantula. Actually, we don't know the real cause. Some suspect it may have been caused by spoiled bread (which is known to produce LSD-type effects).

The dancing mania presented yet another hazard: terminal horniness. The dancers often became sex crazed and in their desperate attempts to satisfy their urgent lusts they often ran afoul of irate husbands and wives. While crude records were kept of the plague, no one knows how many victims of the dancing mania fell from heart attacks or were felled by angry spouses.

The last important outbreak of chorea was in 1841 in Syria. As in earlier times, thousands of wild-eyed people flooded into the streets of the Syrian cities and villages, their hips grinding to some inner music. After that, things became relatively quiet until the invention of the discotheque. □

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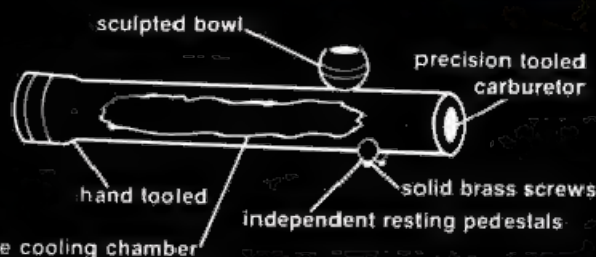


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